

Order Made

by Takatsu

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Summary: For him, the moment that he lost his senses was the moment he died. Never could he play his beloved sport again that made him feel so alive-volleyball. Until one day, he hears a voice. "I'll grant your wish." KAGEHINA. AU. Inspired by the song "ORDER MADE" by RADWIMPS.

1. Chapter 1: Past Present Future

Hello, this is Takatsu once again. I would like to thank all those people who have supported my fluffy fic, "Invincible"! Really, it means a lot to me guys. Now, I'm back with another fic, but it's gonna be different this time. Hope you enjoy it as much as you enjoyed my first KageHina (and BL) fic.

This story goes by the title "Order Made", the most famous song done by the jrock band Radwimps. If you have the time, do check it out. :)

* * *

><p>Chapter 1: Past. Present. Future._
>

_I'm sure I was probably asked before I was born by someone from somewhere _

"I will make it so you can see either the past or the future

So which do you want?"

* * *

><p>The past. The present.<p>

I could remember the past. I could see the present.

And the future? Funny, but it just seems so strange to me. Unlike those two, I could not see it. Feel it. Touch it. Taste it.

I was well aware that I exist, but I am not entirely sure whether you could call me 'alive'.

I was an energetic kid. I loved to jump, and no one could stop me from doing what I love. My friends would always tell me off when I get excited too much, but I still find it fun. I don't really like studying, as I'm sure many kids of my age find it.

But with volleyball, it's a different thing. It's that one thing that makes me really feel alive. When I get into that court and watch the ball fly high over me, my senses become on fire. My heart pounds, muting all the other things around me. The only thing that I could see is the ball.

And the view from above.

With that, nothing else matters. Nothing beats the sensation of the ball when it comes in contact with my hand. The only thing that could beat it is the sound of it smashing against the floor, just inside the line.

Where was I again? Ah yes. The thing that I love the most is that sports called volleyball. In the past, the presentâ€”it would be volleyball.

And if I were given a second chance to feel it again, I would, and I could.

After all, it is that one thing that makes me feel so alive.

Must be so nice.

If I can get that future.

But right now, it's something that I can't reach.

Eh? You're asking me whether it'd be the past or the future?

Hm...then maybe I'd chooseâ€”

* * *

><p>A.N. So what do you guys think? Who is the one speaking in this fic? And what did he mean when he said that his future does not exist anymore?

2. Chapter 2: The View of the Past

Woah...thank you for the favorites and review so far. Hikari-Chime-Dekina-san, I'm thrilled to know that you are a fellow Radwimps fan. :3. And indeed. It was pretty obvious. XD

* * *

><p>Chapter 2: The View of the Past

Ah...how nice. I could really feel the autumn breeze right through this window. Somehow, it has made a bit calmer, knowing that I still have my sense of touch. What was more amusing is that I seem to have a clear idea of what was happening around me.

Eh? My favorite senses? Ahâ€|that would be really hard. You remember me saying the feel of the ball right? That's gotta be my favorite. In the past, I would never stop practicing until I learned how to toss and receive a ball. It was kind of pathetic I know. And did you know? I didn't have a team to play with! I wasn't part of any volleyball team! Well, there was one, but they were girls, and I got made fun of a lot whenever they see me practice with them. I didn't have a choice!

I had friends butâ€|it's not like they share the same passion as me. You see, what I really want is to be [art of a team. A team whom I can trust and play with. A team who will be there on my side. Yes! It's something that can't be seen or touch. But you can feel it. The sensation of comradeship.

My second favorite one would probably my mother's cooking. Nothing beats her udon, I'm telling you. When you taste it and sprinkle it with chili, you're gonna zoom to the other world. Eh? You don't believe me? Ha. Wait till you taste it. I'm gonna bring you with me when I get homeâ€"

Ah right.

I can't go home.

I can't go home anymore.

I can't even move this body at all. It's ridiculous. I know.

Ahâ€|my sister is here. She is holding my hand. I wonder if she has grown a lot. It's been a year. I wish I could have hugged before all of this.

Ah. I feel drops of liquid on my wrist. Is she crying?

I remember, I used to tease her when she was really little. Both of us had the same orange hair. People say she is the female version of me. As a brother, of course that makes me proud. If I can turn things back, I'd really teach her volleyball.

Eh? The past or the future? That's the toughest question you have ever asked you know!

The lad leaned against the wall as he watched the peaceful face. One might even mistake him to be merely sleeping.

A long, long slumber.

"So that's your answerâ€|" The lad muttered, walking beside the white bed.

"Very well."

The lad gave a faint smile and placed his hand over the boy's

forehead.

"I shall grant your wish."

* * *

><p>And then, I probably chose the past

_So that I can become, so I may become a kind person rather than a strong person _

So that I understand what "memories" areâ€|

* * *

><p>A.N. Yep. This story will have a slow and mellow pace. I hope you can be patient. *sweats* The fluff will come of course, I promise!

3. Chapter 3: Granted

Yahoo! Now that '_Invincible_' is done, I can finally focus on this story. Many thanks to the users who have read, favorited, followed, and reviewed this story so far! I will do all my best to write another good KageHina fanfiction! :)

* * *

><p>Chapter 3: Granted

The 21st of June. Sunday. A quarter before six. Sunset. A pretty windy day.

That was the day that I lost everything. I think I kind of heard the sound of something crashing, but man, sometimesâ€|it's better if you just don't know the whole details of how you got into an accident. The stupid me was just crossing the street. I was probably thinking something very deep at that time (what was I worrying about again? Was it something volleyball related? Probablyâ€|) I could remember holding the ball at that time.

Everything went at the speed of light.

That was the day that I realized that as much as you can't have everything for a long time, you can lose everything in the snap of a second.

And then my mother was crying. I could hear the medics rushing to my aid. Perhaps I was just covered in blood, but how much blood I do not know. I was too scared to know. If I died at that moment, I would have had nothing. Oh well, it's not like you'll realize that you've lost it when you die. Some people believe in heaven. Then there's hell. But that's my point. No one's really sure if you go to these places and have something after death. What if it's just an end? There would just be nothing. In other words, you won't have anything more to worry about when everything ends.

But fate might have decided: "Ah, let's give this boy another chance." It turns that my heart did not stop beating.

Still, the doctor declared me as brain dead. W-W-Wait, isn't that the same as being dead?! Come on, just say that I'm dead!

I could not lift my arms, not even a single finger. Nor can I move my mouth. It seems that I have lost control over my movement.

But I can hear things. I heard how my mother cried. I heard how my father yelled at the doctors. I heard how Natsu asked my mother how come I wouldn't open my eyes. It turns out that she wanted to play with me. I heard how my friends and classmates rushed inside the room, all craning to have a view of me probably.

It was all about the crying. I should have been thankful. My sense of hearing wasn't taken. If it was, then I would've gladly wish that they remove the weird tube that stuck from my nose.

Sometimes, I would imagine myself standing on the court. Under the sun. Or in some shining huge court in a national tournament. I would be standing with my comrades, and we are the stars of that day. It is the championship, and people were cheering for us. And then I would be the ace. I would be the next Little Giant like the boy I saw on TV. He was the one who made me fall in love with the sport anyway.

And then some setter would toss the ball to me. I would run to the other side for a quick set.

Just like that, I'd soar and jump high to get a view from above andâ€

And then it hit me.

I could never play it again. Stupid Hinata.

If my mouth could move, I would have made a good laugh at myself.

"What are you even saying, bakaâ€|"

Ehâ€|

"Are you planning to give up just like that?"

Wait. I'm pretty sure that my voice wasn't as deep and cocky like thisâ€

"Oi! Did you just call me cocky?!"

Wait. Nobody told me that you get to hear weird things when you go into a comatose. Am I turning mad?

"Listen to me, you stupid brat!". I felt something hit my head. I'm pretty sure that it was a hand.

I tried to open my eyes, but I couldn't. For the first time, apart from being sorry for myself, I felt frustration.

"Who are you?" I said.

"None of your business."

"I'm here, unable to move like a useless log, and then somebody speaks to me. I don't even know if I've gone mad orâ€" "

"Of course you're not mad! I have a name, a body, and yes, I very much exist thank you!"

"Oooohâ€|what's your name then?"

"Not telling you."

"Okay," I said in my head.

"Kageyama. Kageyama Tobio."

"Kageyama? _Shadow mountain_â€|" Pffftâ€|must be some shady character.

"Oi! I could clearly hear you, just so you know!"

"You meanâ€|you can hear my thoughts?" Goodness. This is turning worse.

"Yeah. I could hear you ranting all day. You wanted to play volleyball."

I gulped.

"Your fault for not looking at the road while crossing."

"The truck was too fast! And I heard from my mom that he was drunk!"

"Don't worry. He must've been taken care of."

"You meanâ€|he got his karma?"

"Maybeâ€|"

I made a frowning face in my head.

"Kageyama Tobio, you say?"

"Uh-huh."

"What if someone sees you? I'm sure we have never met before."

"Don't worry, I'm not from your school."

"Eh? Then who are you?"

"Like I said, I'm Kageyaâ€" "

"Not that! I meanâ€|what are you even doing here?"

"Hmâ€|good question."

There was a pause. At an instant, I thought he might have left, but

then he spoke again.

"I'm here to watch over you."

"That's pretty creepy, if my family sees youâ€" "

"They won't."

"Ehâ€" "

"Noâ€"more likeâ€"they can't."

"E-eh?"

"They can't see me."

"Are you a ghost then?"

"You ask too many questions!"

And so that was the time that I met this weird creature (I have also assumed that he was no human, but then, there's always the possibility that he's just some stalkerâ€"). When there were no visitors, I would always talk to him. I'd ask him questions, and he'd do the same.

The bulk of our talk revolved around volleyball. I swore that I would've jumped out of bed and shook his hands with all the enthusiasm had it not been for my condition. It turns out that the haughty-sounding lad played it too. When I asked him what made him stop, he did not reply. And then a couple of times, I tried on asking him what he really was, but he never replied. I might have grown tired of it. Never did I ask him that question again. He sure can be selective when it comes to some questions, eh? Oh well. Not that it can't be helped.

There were also times when he'd tease me about my height. He would always call me shrimp, to which I would reply that he must have been some giant his former teammates were scared of, thus making him some arrogant king. That made him shut up.

"So you were a setter?"

"Yes."

I grinned in my mind.

"I've never had anyone toss to me you know."

"But didn't you get a chance to play in some match?"

"Yeah butâ€"my teammatesâ€"I just forced them to join so that we could join that match."

"But you can jump high."

"Yeah butâ€"WAITâ€"how on earth do you know?"

"I was in that match."

"R-Really?! Were you one of those guys we played against? If that's so thenâ€"

"Whatever. I'm not telling you anything."

"That's why you're an arrogant King! I knew it! I could feel it from you! The kingly aura is all over you and screaming!"

"Shut up, you shrimp!"

Just like that, I got a good smack on the head.

"I'm a patient!"

"Who cares?"

Another round of silence followed, and I finally spoke.

"It must have been niceâ€|if you could toss to me."

"Hmâ€|"

"And then I'd hit your toss like WHAM and KASHOOM!" I said happily.

I know. It's ridiculous. I found a new friend in the midst of this comatose state.

Thus, for the first time, I felt kind of happy. And alive. As if there was still a future waiting for me.

Until the doctor said that perhaps it was time for my family to let me go. In other words, yeah. They could wait for years, even decades, but I would never wake up.

Kageyama must have heard me.

"So I guess it's goodbye now?" I told him.

"Hmâ€|"

I gave him a smile (not that I could do it in actual butâ€|).

"Thank you for everything."

"Baka."

I heard faint footsteps, stopping just right beside my bed.

"The past or the future? Choose."

"E-Eh?" What is this weirdo saying again?

And if I were to given a second chance to feel it again, I would, and I could.

After all, it is that one thing that makes me feel so alive.

Volleyball.

Must be so nice.

If I can get that future.

But then again, it is something that I have lost my grasp on.

If that's the case thenâ€|

"So that's your answerâ€|" I heard him mutter.

"Very well."

I felt a warm palm settle on my forehead. So he is indeed
_real_â€|

"I shall grant your wish."

"Your past. I shall give it back to you."

There was a blinding light, and when I opened my eyes, the first
thing I saw was the ceiling of my room.

I was in my house,

I looked to my left.

The calendar read June 14.

Seven days before my birthday.

And also seven days before the day that I died.

* * *

><p>A.N.: And there you have it! Hinata chose the
past, but what does this mean? And who and what exactly is Kageyama
Tobio? Did Hinata make the right choice after all?

4. Chapter 4: Eye

**Ugh...what should I say...it's pretty hard to concentrate now that
a lot of awesome animes are showing this season. Nevertheless, my
love of KageHina will be my driving force to keep this story going
on, and of course, you guys! :)**

* * *

><p>Chapter 4: Eye

No way. This can't be happening. I look at my hands, and I was pretty
sure that I looked stupid ogling at them. I wriggled my fingers just
to make sure that I could do it. I got out of the bed as fast as I
could, and started jumping up and down. Not contented, I tried doing
a flying kickâ€"some martial arts move I saw on TV a couple of weeks
agoâ€"did it, and failed miserably by doing the wrong jerk and
hurting my leg instead. I fell back to the bed, grimacing in
pain.

"You dumb idiot!" A voice rang through my ears as I hugged my leg.

"Are you planning to kill yourself once again?! After all the effort I put through to give you a second chance!" It was that familiar bossy voice—stern and grumpy as ever.

I arched my head backwards towards the direction of the voice.

There, for the first time, I saw the eyes of the lad who had always been talking to me in the midst of my comatose state. Don't get me wrong. A couple of times, I've tried imagining how on earth he looked like. Since he liked to make fun of me and my height, I imagined that he was some kind of bully. Which is the reason why I pictured him as some nasty muscular guy that you usually see on school-themed shows. And yes. I received a smack for imagining it. There was also a time when I pictured him as some spoiled brat that's got some glasses stuck on his nasty face. I received a kick for that.

But he none of those images came close to how he really looked. He had an ordinary jet black hair, and it was cut nice. The way his bangs were also cut clean and arranged in an orderly manner gave me the feeling that he was one to fuss over details.

And his eyes. They just speak of authority. As if any word from him would make you do his bidding.

As if he was some King.

Guess I was right on that one.

"And what on earth are you smirking at?!"

I finally got up and sat on the bed.

"Nothing! It's just that I was right that—"

My mouth fell open.

"Ah—" My voice shook as I pointed at it.

"What?" He said, crossing his arms and raising his chin a bit.

"B-Black—"

"Huh?"

"B-Black—"

"Black wh—" He narrowed his eyes as comprehension dawned on him. He looked back at the vestigial structure that stuck at his back.

"You mean these?"

He flapped his wings—dark as the night. A couple of feathers came flying my way, some settling on my bed.

"DEMOOOOOOOOOOON!"

Wham.

Another hit on the head.

"Why do you always hit me?!" I said, tears welling in my eyes. That one hurt a bit!

"It's cause you keep on saying ridiculous things. Is that all you say for the angel who just gave you a chance to live?" He said, looming over me as he got up from the window, standing in front of me.

"B-But it's true! Aren't angels supposed to have white wings?"

"Nonsense. And that's really mean you know. Well sorry for having black wings and for having crow ones for that."

I massaged my head once again and stared at him.

That was when I noticed that when you look closely, he wasn't that scary at all. Once you get past the shock, you'll notice. How different he really was.

His eyes were jet black, yet it was only when I studied them carefully that I took notice of that breath-taking detail. Amidst the dark expanse was a golden circle—"more like a spiral"—that spun at the center of his eyes.

"Amazing—" I could only whisper as I crawled over the bed, standing right in front of him.

"W-What—"

"It's like staring into the galaxy!" I said, squealing with excitement.

"Huh," He merely grunted, jerking his head to the side. He then looked outside the window, making the sunset hit his eyes. My eyes shifted to his wings. The way the gentle golden sunlight hit them just made them all the more beholdng.

"Stop staring at me. You're creeping me out."

"Amazing—" I whispered.

"Huh?"

"You really are—different."

He blinked.

"Of course I am. I am an angel after all."

"Am I really alive again?"

He placed both of his hands on my cheeks.

And pulled them as hard as he could.

"Ouch ouch ouch ouch!" I screamed as I winced in pain.

"Of course you are. Or do you doubt my abilities as a heavenly being? Now go worship me and serve me for the rest of your life."

"Y-Yes! At your service Your Majesty!" I said, dropping to my knees and bowing as low as I could.

"Are you for real?" He said, sounding annoyed as always.

"Seven days."

"Eh?"

"You are seven days away from that exact moment. All you have to do is get away from that road and everything will be fine. In other words, try not to get yourself killed."

I nodded with enthusiasm.

"Ughâ€|you look like a dog wagging its tail."

"I could play volleyball again!" I said, jumping up and down. "And thenâ€|I can finally enter a formal volleyball clubâ€|become like the little giantâ€|and then go to the nationals! People will cheer for me, and I will become famous!"

"Haâ€|" was his unenthusiastic reply.

"Kageyama-kunâ€|"

His eyes met mine at the mention of his name. It was weird, but now that I knew what he looked like, it felt like there was some shock-like sensation that hits me every time I meet those galaxy-like eyes.

"What."

I grabbed his wrist.

"We musn't waste any time."

"H-Ha?"

"Toss to me!"

"E-Eh?!"

And just like that, I dragged him outside the house, leading him to our backyard where I practiced my beloved sport.

* * *

><p>It must be the first time that I've felt so happy just from running.<p>

I am alive.

I am alive.

I am alive!

"Oiiiiiii! You're hurting my wrist idiot!"

I let out a laugh. Even my laughter sounded like music to my ears. After days and days of darkness in that hospital, I could finally open my eyes and see everything. The sunset. The sky. The clouds. I could finally jump and run the way I used to. I could finally speak, yell all the stupid stuff that I could say, and scream out all of those emotions I've held up.

I looked back at Kageyama. He was still looking surly when I looked back at him and stopped running.

"I really have no idea what happened butâ€" "

"Really, thank you!" I said, bowing as low as I could to the celestial being.

I heard him hiss.

When I looked up, he wasn't wearing his sour expression anymore. He was just looking at me with his eyes. I could never get over them.

"People are sure interesting huh?" He said, gazing at the sky. "They take their life for granted, waste it on stupid things, and then when they come close to death, they beg on their kneesâ€¦asking for a second chance."

He then looked back at me.

"Hinata."

I flinched at the mention of his name. Even his voice had a certain magic to it. So this is how angels are.

"Don't you waste this life. This is your last chance. There won't be a third one."

"H-Hai!" I yelled with all the fervor that I got.

"So where's the ball?"

"E-Eh?"

"You mean you dragged me out here and you forgot the ball!? Please!" He yelled, poking my head again and again.

"I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry!" I chanted again and again.

_Continuing, that 'somebody' said to me _

_"Arms, legs, mouths, ears, eyes, _

_Hearts, breasts, and the holes in your nose, _

_I'll give you two of each, so _

Isn't that great?"

Night fell. The golden shades that have bathed our residence has turned into a gentle shade of black and blue. It must have been a hundred tosses or more that I tried to receive in pain and vain (with a lot of yelling from the haughty angel of course). The sun had set from the horizon when I finally received Kagayema's toss perfectly.

I have never felt so proud and complete. I looked to him, waiting for him to praise me.

"Don't get so cocky now shrimp. You only learned how to receive my tosses. That won't be enough for you to be an ace."

I was about to drop my head.

"Butâ€|"

I looked up.

"You sure worked hard. And that's something that not even a genius athlete can possess. Keep that up and you'll get what you want."

I could have cried at those words.

"A-Arigatou!"

"Huh. Whatever, let's go back to your room. I'm hungry as a horse."

"E-Eh? Angels still eat?"

"Yes we can, we don't need it but please, human food is a bliss. Agh, I hope your mother cooks ramenâ€|"

"Kageyama-kunâ€|"

"Huh?"

"You know what, you've got the most beautiful eyes!"

What made me say that, I have no idea. But man, what a pleasure it was to see the haughty angel finally gain some color in his face.

"W-What are you even saying?!"

I laughed as I started to sprint towards the house. I finally got back at him.

"It's a race!"

"As if I'll let you win, shrimp!"

* * *

><p>A.N. I watched Re: Hamatora earlier this morning. I wanted to punch the wall. DMMD feels surreal. I was half-expecting choices to appear and Aoba moan for some reason. Enough of the blabbering, the fluff will be up next for this story! Look forward to it!

5. Chapter 4-A: Epilogue-Eye

Chapter 4.5: Epilogue. EYE.

He climbs over the bed, careful not to wake the angel that had fallen asleep. He had insisted for the angel to sleep on a futon, but the grumpy winged being was too hard enough to convince. Instead, he just leaned himself against the edge of the bed, looking perfectly comfortable with the book he had been reading ever since he came to the orange head's house. It was the same book that the angel had thrown to him earlier this morning.

The orange head smiled to himself as he watched the sleeping angel. It was moments like that he did look like one. He then stared at the closed eyes, reminiscing how much of a wonder they are.

The small lad then crept towards the edge of the bed, merely staring at his face.

And then he saw it, the galaxy-like eyesâ€"dark as the nightâ€"save for the golden spiral that spun at the very center.

The angel had opened his eyes, meeting amber ones.

"Stop watching me sleep. It's creepy."

"You weren't asleep."

"I may be not, but still, stop it."

"Hmp. And here I was, thinking that your eyes look more beautiful at night."

"What? You want me to stay awake just for you to have a virtual stargazing?"

The orange head sighs. "Fine, I'm going to sleep."

"Ten seconds."

"Eh?"

"I'm giving you ten more seconds to stare. After that, you go to sleep or I'll strangle you to pieces."

The lad beamed at this. He then let his face loom over the angel's face, the latter resting against the edge of the bed.

For ten seconds, he stared at the spinning galaxy.

The ten seconds passed.

"Happy?"

The smaller lad grinned and nodded.

"_Oyasumi_."

"Huhâ€|"

The angel sighed. It was his turn to take a glance at the sleeping shrimp.

6. Chapter 5: Ear

Yes. I have no idea what to say. XD. As I am writing this chapter, I am suffering from hunger. Unless you'd want me to eat some flesh-WAIT-I'm no ghoul. Fine. Some coffee will do.

* * *

><p>Chapter 5:
Ear

Staaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaare.

The black-headed angel turned a page.

Staaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaare.

He turned another page.

Staâ€"

Kageyama slammed the book he was reading.

"If I were you, I'd stop doing that. Unless you want me to wrestle the hell out of you and break your bones."

"Ehhhâ€|how meanâ€|" I said, slumping against my pillow. It was the second day of my second life, and also the first time I'd be going to classes ever since my accident. It does feel weird though. As if my classmates had any idea what I went through. Little did they know that five days from now, I'd be meeting a tragic end. Oh well, as the grumpy angel said, all I have to do is be careful and not cross that road at that exact time.

"You just called me 'a grumpy angel' again, didn't you?" He snapped, throwing the book at me. Luckily, my hands were able to catch the object. It seems that my reflexes have returned.

"Ha! Take that!" I said, grinning at him and waving the book in front of him.

"Hahahahaâ€|look who's gonna be late for school?"

The grumpy angel shoved the clock in my face.

I screamed in panic.

"This is bad this is bad this is bad this is bad!" I yelled,

frantically searching for my uniform.

"Hinata?" That was my mother's voice.

"Y-Yes! Coming!"

"Hinata."

"What? I'm in a hurry! Why didn't you wake me up?!" I said, taking my shirt off as fast as I could.

"You've got a quiz today."

"E-Ehâ€|"

Kageyama sighed and pointed at the calendar. The number 15 had a huge circle around it.

My face turned pale in an instant.

"Should be easy for you since technically, you've taken it."

"But I failed that testâ€|" My voice quivered as reality doomed on me.

"A! Remember that properly! Geez, just how much of a failure are you?!"

"C-Can you repeat that one more time?!"

"Hinata! What are you yelling at? You're gonna be late!" My mother's voice echoed one more time.

"H-Hai!" I said, almost tumbling over a pile of books on the floor.

"Oi Hinata!"

"W-What?"

"Come here."

"E-Eh?"

"Your collar. It's a mess."

"O-Ohâ€|"

I walked slowly towards the angel. It was only then that I realized the difference in our heights. Damn. He's tall.

My eyes fell down to his hands. Despite his sturdy look, his hands moved in a gentle way against my collar. Yep. I half-expected him to get me strangled, but it seems that my imagination was just going wild. He really is an angel after all.

"Yoshi. All fixed."

He took a step away from me and surveyed me.

"Now you go, and try not to get yourself killed."

Staaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaare.

He picked up the book he had thrown earlier from the floor and gently smacked it over my head.

"Ouch! I swear one of these days, I'd get back at you! How come you always hit my head?!"

"Because you're an idiot."

I clenched my teeth.

"Wait till I get taller. I'd get my revenge, grumpy angel!"

"Huh," He merely hissed.

And with that, I left my room, feeling flustered.

The black headed angel leaned against the door as soon as it closed.

"Grow taller huhâ€|"

He closed his eyes and clenched the book he was holding. He then caught sight of the calendar.

"Only five more days huh."

His gaze fell down to the volleyball that he had tossed for a hundred times and more to the shrimp. From the looks of it, the shrimp had been practising every day when he got home. It was full of scratches, and it looked like it would give in any moment from now.

Kageyama sighed once again, tossing the ball to the air.

"Volleyball huhâ€|"

* * *

><p>As soon as he caught sight of his friends, Hinata Shouyo had the urge to just jump at them and hug them with all his might. In that time, it had been months since he was able to see the faces of his friends. It felt like forever, but stillâ€|it had only been days for them.<p>

"Izumiâ€|Kojiâ€|" He said, tears and snot already threatening to fall down.

"Woahâ€|what's with you Hinata?" A boy with messy dark brown hair said, inching away from the ginger (he looked as if he might throw his arms around them any moment).

"It's been so longâ€|" Hinata sniffed, rubbing his eyes in an attempt to stop himself from finally crying.

"What on earth are you even talking about?!" Izumi yelled. "Koji, you give this jerk a good hit on the face. He needs it."

"Ahahaha!" This time, it was the light brown haired boy that approached Hinata. "Let's enter the room, class' going to start soon."

"H-Hai!"

The classes went around like ordinary days. The boy could not help but gaze outside the window. Oh how he had longed to just go outside and play his beloved sport! Not to mention that he could play it with his friends once again.

As soon as the doorbell rang, the first thing that Hinata did was approach the two.

"Izumi, Koji! Let's go the court!"

"E-Eh!" Izumi gave a doubtful laugh. "T-The court?"

"Yep! Let's play!" Hinata was literally bouncing like an excited kid.

"B-But that's the woman's court isn't it? We'll get teased again by our senpais for that!"

"We could always use the one in the vacant lot of our school! I can ask Akira-sensei for an excess net!"

"_Hinata_" Izumi spoke the boy's name with finality.

"I'm sorry. We can't join you."

Hinata tried his best to smile. He then turned to Koji, but even the other boy turned his eyes away, obviously avoiding his gaze.

"I..." I see. I'm sorry."

"We're really sorry Hinata. And besides, we still have a couple of quizzes right? We really need to study."

"N-No! I should be the one saying 'sorry'. W-Well then, I-I'm heading off!" Hinata said, chuckling as he hugged his bag. "See you later!"

Hinata Shouyou had always loved to run. Yesterday, the moment he felt he could make his legs run as fast as it could again felt like freedom—as if he was some soul being freed. But this time, it was different. Somehow, his legs felt heavy like lead.

He knew it. Deep within his heart, he was the sole one who loved it with all his heart. Sure, they were his friends, but still, it was not something that he could just force on them. There were a couple of times that they had been kind enough to go along with his selfishness. They would toss to him, half-heartedly, just watching him jump as high as he could and smash the ball to the ground.

Even so, he was happy with all his heart. Jumping to smash the ball felt like being able to fly. It was his dream all along.

To see the view from above.

But it can't be like this forever. He knew that that day would come. They will graduate from middle high, and it'll be a long time before somebody could toss to him. Not unless he could get himself to a team in high school.

Before he knew it, he had ended up in a vacant lot. Some students were busy taking their lunch. It became pretty noisy when lunchtime came, and it was rather making his head ache.

He sighed, bringing out the ball from his sling bag.

"Well, well, well, if it's not the sissy volleyball freak!" A stiff voice cut across his thoughts.

He felt himself froze. This is bad. He should be running now. He then opened his bag, ready to stuff the ball back and escape, when a lanky lad blocked his view.

"Where do ya think you're going, sissy?" He chuckled. Damn. He was taller than the grumpy angel.

He then looked back, only to find another lanky senior.

"Now, now, don't be too harsh on him."

"Eh? But I heard he's been asking the girl's team to toss to him, how pathetic could he get?"

The three lads fell into a raucous laughter at the same time. Hinata felt the urge to just pick a rock and throw it to them. Heck, he could even use the volleyball to smash it against their faces.

Hinata gritted his teeth.

"What's your problem? I'm not even doing anything to you!" He managed to add. He was hopeful that respect could somehow settle it for these bullies.

"What's our problem? Shrimp, this is our turf," The tallest one was now looming over him. He had a buzz cut, and it made him look more of an _ossan_ than a regular middle schooler. Hinata took a step back, his fists clenched.

"You play here every break right? Well then, let me tell you! YOU'RE JUST TOO NOISY!"

Hinata's eyes widened. The bastard had just kicked his bag. Not contented, the lad stepped even stepped on it.

"What's so fun with volleyball? It's just some sport where you jump like a stupid insect and hit it. Come on, boxing's way cooler!"

"Nope. Basketball is," the second lad commented, pulling the volleyball out of the bag and spinning it like a basketball on his finger.

"Whatever. All I know is that when it comes to sports, volleyball is

just like that sissy toy that weaklings like you play!" The ossan-faced guy kicked the spinning ball from the other one's hands. The ball zoomed right into the third one's grasp. He grinned and smashed it against the wall.

"Stop it! That's my only spare!" Hinata remembered the extremely worn ball he had at home.

"Haha! Catch it then if you can!" The guy said, laughing as he tossed it to his friend.

It then became a game of chase, with the small sophomore trying to get his hands on the ball. He was cursing under his breath. Why on earth did he have to become this small? If he could only be tall as them, noâ€|even tallerâ€|

"Like I said stop it!" Hinata yelled, unable to hide the anger in his voice anymore.

"Ooohhhâ€|" The tallest one raised his brows. "You talking back?"

He then grabbed Hinata's mass of orange hair. To them, he was no less than a ball that could be tossed around. Hinata flinched in pain. These bastards!

Hinata grabbed the guy's wrist with all his might.

"Let go of me!" He choked as he struggled to break free of the man's grasp. He was now being raised off the ground with the man gripping on his hair. Is it time to resort to violence? He could kick the man's balls if he wanted toâ€|

The lanky bully broke into a nasty grin. He then turned to his friend, who was now spinning the ball in his hand in one finger.

"Do it."

The guy who was holding the ball broke into his own mocking grin.

Hinata's eyes widened.

Don't tell me they are going toâ€|

"Since he loves volleyball so much, do it the volleyball way!" The lanky guy broke into a menacing laugh as his friend raised his ball at an eye's length, ready to aim it at Hinata's face.

Hinata clenched his fists, closing his eyes in frustration. Why did he have to be this weak?

Perhaps it was exactly because he was weak that he died on that day. He can't even do anything with him being alive at this exact momeâ€|

He could feel it. He could hear the ball zooming towards him, about to land a clean hit on his face.

The zooming sound stop. There was no sting of pain that came from the collision of his face with the strong rubber

surface.

"Gross."

Hinata opened his eyes. This voice.

Before he knew it, the sting which came from the lanky guy's grip was gone. What he saw instead was just a looming figure, shielding his view from the unlikely sight.

For just beyond that figure were three lanky guys, all sitting on their own asses and looking horrendously struck at the sight of some sadistic-looking black-haired lad. He was still holding the ball in his hand tossing it with such precision that his eyes need not even looking at it. Instead, they were just fixed at the three lads, his head held up high in the air.

"You call that a toss? Ossan, you're a hundred years early to do even do volleyball. To me, it doesn't even come close to oneâ€¦" The black-haired boy tossed the ball up high in the air.

And smashed it, right towards the tallest one.

The guy could not believe his eyes. It was merely a hair's breadth away. The ball was still spinning as it hit the spot on the wall just beside his face.

"And I think I heard you call it some sissy game played by weaklings, pffftâ€¦|don't even make me laugh ossan. You have any idea how hard it is to smash a ball on the same precise spot again and again?" The black-haired lad with piercing eyes walked towards the three in a dramatic manner, as if he was savouring the look of fear in their eyes. He then slowly bent himself so as to place his lips just beside the lad's ears and whisper.

"But do you want to see me try it?"

The lad's lips merely quivered, unable to utter a word. It was the first time he had felt such fear. The stranger wasn't even more muscular than them to begin with. He was tall, just like them, but not superior in such height. But his piercing eyes and cold voice were enough to make the three of them just sit in silence and not give a fight.

"Answer meâ€¦|do you want me to try it? Me hitting this thing again and again on that same, exact spotâ€¦"which isâ€¦"

The angel by the name of Kageyama gave a sadistic grin.

"_Your faces_."

"WOAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH! DEMON!" It was the leader who ran first, almost tripping in a hurry to save his life. His other two friends were no better. They seemed to have pissed their pants too.

Kageyama shook his head. "Gross."

He then looked back at Hinata, whose mouth was just hanging open.

"Oi. Stop gaping at me like that. It's creepy." Kageyama picked the ball, lightly hitting it with his palm to brush the dirt off.

"Here."

"They saw you."

"Huh?"

"They saw you! What if they tell the teachers about you? What if they hunt you and they'll found that you're not a human!"

Kageyama threw Hinata a look of disbelief.

"Are you even for real?"

"Eh?"

"You just got bullied, and you're worried about me being the one in trouble? Please, I'm not a weakling like them."

Hinata bit his lips.

"I am the one who's weak."

Kageyama raised his hand over Hinata's head. The smaller one closed his eyes, expecting to get another smack.

What came instead was a gentle warmth on his head from the palm of a hand.

It was a pat.

Hinata opened his eyes once again.

"You are not weak. If people tell that you are, then don't believe them. The only one who you should listen to is yourself. That way, you can become stronger and be sturdy enough to be responsible with your own decision. Only cowards tell other people that they are weak. Understood?"

Was it his imagination, or was Kageyama using a rather gentle voice?

"Well then, what are we waiting for? Let's go get this rolling," Kageyama spoke, smirking as he took hold of the ball.

"What are we doing?" Hinata said, still in a mixed state of shock and disbelief.

"Isn't it obvious? You're going to show me that!"

"You can fly!" Hinata!" Kageyama screamed as he tossed the ball up high in the air.

It must have been two hundred tosses this time. Left and right, to and fro, Hinata ran across the makeshift court like there was no tomorrow. Even the angel could not believe such unwavering stamina.

"Are you even human?!" Kageyama groaned in disbelief as he looked at

his hand. It was now sore with red marks. Hinata's was no better. His hands were now close to the hue of his hair. Yet the shrimp seemed to pay no heed. He was clearly living the moment as he hit the tosses again and again. Kageyama had to admit though. The shrimp could now receive his tosses perfectly.

"One more time!" Hinata screamed, his amber eyes glimmering under the afternoon sun.

"One more time your face! You've got classes, idiot!" Kageyama finally exclaimed as he grabbed the ball and stuffed it to Hinata's bag.

"Ehhhhâ€|butâ€"" Hinata pouted, his eyes pleading.

"No 'buts'! Now off you go to class!"

"Tch. Fine," Hinata sighed, fetching his bag with a heavy heart.

"Kageyama."

"Whatâ€""

"_Arigatou_."

Hinata's smile could have been blinding as the sun. It was a perfect match to the energetic hue of his hair, much more with the glowing amber of his eyes. Suits his name perfectly.

Kageyama grunted.

"Whatever."

Just as Hinata left with a heart racing out of happiness from a hundred tosses, Kageyama turned his back with a heart that fluttered with a faster beat than usual.

* * *

><p>A.N. I am tempted to write a Tokyo GhouL smutty drabble. Welp. ('Ossan' means "old man" by the way.)*</p>

7. Chapter 5-A: Epilogue-Ear

**STOOOOP! **_I know it might be selfish of me, but I strongly recommend the reader to listen to the song "Order Made" itself while reading this chapter. This is because some portions of the song will be used in this particular chapter, and so yeah. To get a better feel of the story. *sweatdrops* Yoroshiku onegaishimasu!_

* * *

><p>Chapter 5.5: Epilogue. Ear.

In his dream, he was back to that solitary place. There was no sound. No sign of movement.

Everything was just silent. Stagnant.

As if it wasn't him that had stopped moving.

It was time.

It was just dark. Just an infinite darkness.

He tried to raise his hand. Even a shift of finger would do. If he could just get up and run away from this place. He opened his mouth. Someone, someone lift him up. Someone take him away from this place. He called his mother's name. Her sister's. Izumi. Koji.

But no one was replying. He was calling out for no one.

And then he felt himself sinking. Slowly. Slowly. Some vacuum-like mass of darkness floating around him. It was cold. Freezing cold, and it froze her chest.

It reached his feet. Soon, it was on his legs. Next came his chest. His arms. His senses were being frozen—one by one.

He could feel his lungs giving up. Was it going to end like this?

And then he realized, this was how it felt to die.

His vision was the only one that remained.

He was sinking, sinking, sinking—

The last thing that he saw was a spiral. A golden one, and he had never seen such a beautiful thing in his life. It was like a gem in the midst of metals, an oasis amidst the desert...

"OI HINATA! PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER DAMMIT!"

Hinata opened his eyes, his face and body covered in cold sweat. His body seemed to have gone stiff. His eyes roamed across and around the room. The ceiling. The walls. The furniture.

He looked to his left.

And Kageyama.

"Oi! Are you even listening to me? You're having a nightmare."

Hinata blinked and gave a hum as a weak reply.

"Geez—" Kageyama sighed in relief, finally settling himself on the floor and leaning against the edge of the bed, his head right beside Hinata's, who was still staring at the empty space. "What are you even thinking about for you to have a nightmare?"

"I was in an empty room."

Kageyama closed his mouth. "And?"

"There was just—nothing. No one inside. Just me."

"And?"

"It was also dark. I could hear nothing."

"Not a single sound?"

Hinata shook his head slightly.

"And then?"

"Some dark matter flooded the room, and then it began to swallow me. It was really slow. Really slow. It felt like I was drowning."

"Hmâ€|"

"I guess..." Hinata pulled a slight smile. "That would have been the case if you didn't save me. I would've died either way in that hospital."

"But you are here now," Kageyama said, arching his neck farther so that he met Hinata's amber eyes.

Hinata smiled.

"You're alive."

"That's because you gave me a second chance. If notâ€""

"It was you whom I chose. I chose to let you live again. It wouldn't have been any other way."

Hinata felt the warmth return to his body. He shifted further to his left, making his face now an inch apart from Kageyama's.

"Really?"

Kageyama nodded, not taking his eyes away from Hinata's.

Hinata smiled.

"I saw you though."

"Huh?"

Hinata nodded.

"I saw your eyes before the darkness was able to swallow me whole."

"Did I say something?"

Hinata shook his head.

Kageyama sighed. "What a pity."

"Indeedâ€|" Hinata closed his eyes.

"You look pale."

"Hmâ€¦|"

"Will you be able to sleep?"

Hinata opened his eyes once again.

"Do you want me to sing you a song?"

"You can sing?"

"I sure hope that doesn't imply your lack of confidence on me but I'll ignore that for the sake of my reputation as a celestial being,"

Hinata chuckled. "Let's hear it then."

"And for the record, yes, all angels can sing. An angel's voice has the power to calm a human's heart."

"Thenâ€¦|sing for meâ€¦|" Hinata whispered, closing his eyes once again.

_Kitto boku wa tazuneraretan darou _

_Umareru mae dokoka no dareka ni _

_"Mirai to kako dochira ka hitotsu wo _

_Mireru you ni shite ageru kara sa _

Docchi ga ii?"

**(I'm sure I was probably asked before I was born, by someone from somewhere **

_**"I will make it so you can see either the past or the future
**_

**So which do you want?"**

Hinata giggled.

"Well, I did choose the past, and here I am now."

Kageyama smiled, and continued singing.

_Soshite boku wa kako wo erandan darou _

_Tsuyoi hito yori yasashii hito ni _

_Nareru you ni naremasu you ni to _

"Omoide"tte nandaka wakaru you ni

**(And then, I probably chose the past **

**So that I can become, so I may become a kind person rather than a strong person **

**So that I understand what "memories" areâ€¦)**

_Tsuzukete dareka san wa boku ni iu _

_"Ude mo ashi mo kuchi mo mimi mo me mo _

_Shinzou mo oppai mo hana no ana mo _

_Futatsu zutsu tsukete ageru kara ne _

_Ii deshou__**?"**_

**(Continuing, that somebody said to me "arms, legs, mouths, ears, eyes, hearts, breasts, and the holes in your nose, **

**I'll give you two of each, **

**So isn't that great?")**

"Yeah, I did get all of that with me back alive, but I also get a grumpy angel with it," Hinata spoke, burying his head on the pillow.

"Oi! I saved you from those bullies!"

"But you can be kind to me at leastâ€¦!" The orange head pouted, ruffling the angels' black hair. "And you should stop hitting my head every time you feel annoyed."

Kageyama caught Hinata's wrist.

"Fine, fine. At least let me finish the song!"

Hinata pulled his face into a pout. "You're really enjoying this huh? Fineâ€¦!"

Kageyama cleared his throat once again.

_Dakedo boku wa onegai shitanda yo _

_"Kuchi wa hitotsu dake de ii desu" to _

_Boku ga hitori de kenka shinai you ni _

Hitori to dake kisu ga dekiâ€¦"

**(But I asked a favor **

**"I'm fine with just one mouth" I said.**

**So that I don't fight with myself **

**So that I can only kiss one persâ€¦")**

The angel stopped singing and blinked. Was it just his imagination, or did he just hear a certain someone snore?

"He fell asleep?!" Kageyama exclaimed in disbelief. True enough, drool was already dripping from the edge of Hinata's mouth.

It might had been some sort of gravitational pull—some sort of magnetic magic, but Kageyama's hand just moved on its own as he gently wiped the edge of Hinata's lips.

"_**Hitori to dake kisu ga dekiru you ni**_**â€|""** The black-headed angel whispered as he watched Hinata's sleeping face.

"_Wasuretai demo wasurenai _

Konna omoi wo nanto yobu no kai?"

Kageyama stopped singing. Something was definitely wrong. He could hear somethingâ€like a rhythm. It was a soft one, but it sounded like a loud beat to his ears.

All this he felt as his free hand clutched the left part of his chest.

**This kind of feeling that I want to forget, but can't**

**What do you call it?**

8. Chapter 6: Nose

To all who are updated in the Haikyuu manga, I'm sure you'll know what I mean when I say this.

_**Daichiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii...Q_Q**_

* * *

><p>Chapter 6: Nose

"Kageyama-kunâ€|"

"What?" He sounded annoyed as usual. It wasn't of any difference. From the first day of their meeting to this very moment, the angel remained grumpy. Breakfast comes, and he would just silently stand there while watching Hinata's mother cook. The good woman would settle down the food, not the least ware of the presence of some angel who was now eyeing the freshly fried omu rice and sausages with a beastly look far from the pristine image befitting of a celestial being from the sky. At this, Hinata would always excuse himself, making sure to bring up some food to his room and Kageyama rummage the leftover food.

"You're like a pet, Kageyama-kunâ€|" Hinata mused, watching Kageyama stuff more rice in his mouth.

"Shut up. Human food is incomparable. And the scent. It's something that can't be defined by the heavens."

"But angels don't really need to eat right?"

"Owe y ont...(No they don't) Kageyama said amidst a full mouth.

It was times like this that the small lad by the name of Hinata Shouyo could not help but smile. As grumpy and scary this crow-like

angel might look like, there was no denying. There was that gentle side of him. It exists. And he could be "wait" was that really the right term?

He can be adorable.

"You're really like a pet, some scary beast that gets tamed when trained."

"Urgh, excuse me? Who are you calling your pet?"

Hinata stuffed his books to his bag. The memory of Kageyama's voice was still fresh from his memory. It took him by surprise that an angel carrying such a scary expression had such a wonderful voice. He was right. His voice was able to calm him despite that eerie nightmare. Then again, he was an angel. But Hinata chose not to voice out these thoughts.

Last night, he just wanted to listen to him sing. That was all that mattered, as if it was some sacred ritual that ought to be not interrupted by anything.

Yet as luck would have had it, Hinata fell asleep in the middle of the song. He wasn't able to hear the rest of it, and this was the very reason why he had been throwing suggestive glances to the grumpy angel.

"No."

"E-Eh?"

"I'm not singing that again, and with that, I mean I'm never singing to you again."

"But! "hey wait" I haven't even said anything!"

"I can read your mind, just so you know. When you were in that hospital, I could even hear your thoughts. Plus you're very easy to read, Hinata," The angel said as soon as he finished eating.

"But I really want to hear it! The rest of it!" Hinata exclaimed.

"No. You had your chance and you missed it. Ha!" Kageyama let out a smirk as he closed the book. "Now pipe down and go to school."

Hinata smiled. "I see. So that's how it is, Kageyama-kun." The shrimp left his bag on the desk.

" " "

Hinata turned around.

"Take this as my good morning greeting.

Hinata had grabbed the pillow, tossing it up high in the air.

And hit it full-force towards the clueless angel.

The poor angel almost hit the wall as he stumbled against Hinata's desk.

"That's one point for Hinata Team!" Hinata yelled as he roared in laughter, toppling over the bed as he clutched his stomach.

The angel, whose head had seemed to have gained a lump, thanks the power smash pillow attack, stood up.

He was grinning, and Hinata could hardly see his eyes.

"Ohâ€|not bad, Hinata Shouyou. I daresay, that toss was worth of an ace."

Hinata stopped laughing.

"I'mâ€|going to sch-AHHHHH! WAIT!"

It was too late. Kageyama had caught hold of his wrists, the angel moving with such a speed that made Hinata thatâ€|hell yeah stupidâ€|you were messing with an angel.

Hinata squeezed his eyes shut as he felt those strong arms wrap themselves around him.

"Hinata, you know what? The way wrestlers fight had always fascinated me."

"â€|"

Hinata gave a nervous laugh.

"Hahahaha, you're so funny Kageyama-kun. Now let me go and go run to schoolâ€|"

"And then there's this one move I've always wanted to tryâ€|" Hinata felt the grip tighten around his waist.

"No. You won't Kageyama-kun."

Hinata's eyes caught sight of the mirror. The wicked creature was smiling, his eyes flashing with the same amount of menace he carried towards those bullies.

"Let's see what you got!"

The smaller lad felt himself being lifted off the ground as Kageyama arched himself backwards, ready to throw Hinata to the bed, wrestler style.

"I'll die! I'LL SERIOUSLY DIE YOU IDIOâ€|eh?"

The sensation of the floor came back.

His feet were back to the ground.

"Kageyama-kun?"

The grip around his waist tightened. To Hinata's surprise, the angel had buried his nose right at the side of his neck.

He was sniffing him.

"E-Eh?"

"You smellâ€¦like the sunâ€¦"

"â€¦"

It could have been five seconds. Ten seconds. No waitâ€¦fifteen seconds?

The orange head had no idea, but for a moment, the angel just stayed there, just behind him, arms now wrapped in a tight but gentle way around the small waist. Hinata knew that this was the perfect time to escape, but for some reason.

He could not just break that clasp.

When he looked back at the mirror, the grumpy angel was now carrying a gentle expression.

And he was smiling. It tickled for a bit. After all, his lips were now practically touching the skin on his neck.

"And you're warmâ€¦"

Hinata saw a red tinge spread across his cheeks from his reflection.

"Then againâ€¦you smell like the sunâ€¦"

"How does the sun even smellâ€¦" Hinata managed to blurt out.

"No idea."

"You're weird."

"You're weirder. You kept staring at my eyes, at least I can enjoy your scent. Fair share."

"Is it cold in heaven?"

"Hmâ€¦just fine. It's just an expanse of blue. There's isn't really anything to see. That's why some angels love wandering in this place. Humans. Streets. Animals. Trees. All the things that you couldn't see on that place, we find it here."

"Were you lonely?"

Kageyama opened his eyes.

"Were you lonely when you were there, Kageyama-kun?"

The image of a crow flashed before his eyes. It was a winter, and the snow just wouldn't stop from falling.

"I supposed I am."

It was Hinata's turn to smile.

"If you were lonely, you could just stay you know," Hinata spoke, settling his smaller hands on top of the bigger ones.

"Stay?"

"Yep. Stay here. Live with us. You can make them see you right? Just live us a human. And then we could go to a volleyball team. With your skills, you'd be the number one setter in Japan, maybe even the whole world!"

Kageyama could not help but break a smile as he listened to the enthusiasm in Hinata's voice.

"And then I'll be the one who'll score those points with your tosses!" Hinata's eyes were now practically gleaming.

Ah.

He really isâ€|

The sun.

Hinata felt the arms loosen around him.

"You should really set off for school."

The orange head could only stare at the face in the mirror.

Somehow, it had changed.

Was it sadness? He really wasn't sure. But he was looking at him with an expression that sent a certain pang to his heart.

Nevertheless, Hinata Shouyou smiled.

"Do you like pork buns?"

"Pork buns? Ohâ€|you mean that stuff they sell in convenience stores?"

Hinata nodded.

"Well, I guess so."

The smaller lad smiled. He then grabbed his bag and turned to Kageyama.

"I'll buy you those when I go home."

Kageyama nodded and picked up the same book he had been reading for three days.

He really likes that book, _huh_. Hinata thought to himself.

"Well then, off I go!" The orange head yelled, running like he was in for a race.

The angel could only give a slight smile as he stared at the door. Leaning against it, he sighed as he clutched the book with his

hand.

"There's no way I could forget."

The image of a crow flashed before his eyes once again.

This time, the avian creature was inside some room.

"_Do you like pork buns?"_

The crow made approached the foreign object with all care.

It smelled wonderful.

And warm.

The child smiled at him.

"_You can have it!"_

Ah.

Truly.

He was like the sun.

And he smelt warm.

* * *

><p>A.N. Greetings! Genki desu ka, mina? How's your anime season? Mine is a mayhem. Watched Tokyo Ghoul last night and got hit straight to the heart by Shiro Kaneki's short cameo. As for Zankyou no Terror, such as what you'd expect from the director of Cowboy Bebop, character designer of Samurai Champloo, and of course, the legendary Yoko Kanno. It's like watching a film!

**P.S. Oh yeah. The sexy demon butler is back. **

**Lots of love to those who have reviewed, followed, favorited this story and (even me as an author O_O), and read this fanfic!
Mmmmmmwaaaah! :3 (Shoutout to)**

9. Chapter 6-A: Epilogue Nose

Chapter 6.5: Epilogue. Nose.

"Achoo!" It was the sixth sneeze from Hinata.

"You sure you don't have colds?" Kageyama said, raising an eyebrow.

"I'm fine, I'm fine!" Hinata spoke cheerfully. The shrimp looked rather excited about something.

"Well then, as promised, here you go! Pork buns bought and selected by the awesome me!" Hinata had brought out two brown packs from his bag. "Now then, off you eat!"

Kageyama reached out his hand and took one of the brown bags.

"Delicious!" The angel muttered, inhaling the meaty scent of the bread.

"Isn't it?" The shrimp was now looking proud.

Kageyama merely shrugged his shoulders and opened the bag. "Well then, _itadakimasu_."

Hinata's eyes remained fixed at Kageyama as the latter took a bite and munched at the food.

"How was it?"

Kageyama swallowed the first bite.

And smiled.

"It's delicious.

Hinata's face lit up.

"I told you! Their pork buns are the best! They're always hot and they give you this cozy feeling when you eat them! And you could smell the aroma even from a distance!"

The angel could not help but be amused. The shrimp was indeed proud for his feat.

"This makes me remember of a certain incident."

"Incident?"

"Yeah," Hinata had picked his own pork bun and took a bite. "It was winter then, and I think I was in fifth grade then. I was walking past this pretty dirty part of the street when I came across this wounded crow."

"Heh!" Kageyama took another bite.

"His leg was broken, and it just couldn't fly. So what I did was take it home. I remember Mom being really mad. She said crows are bad luck, and I was an idiot to take it home."

"Well then what did you do?"

"Hm!" I kept him," Hinata said, flashing a grin at Kageyama. "I just made it appear like I took it outside, but the truth was I hid it in my closet. Time to time, I would give it some meat, and"

"And?"

"I remember that of all the things that I gave to it, it was this pork bun that he loved the most."

"Really?"

"Yep! It ate the whole thing, can you even believe that?!"

"Hmâ€|well, aren't you one good soul?" The angel spoke in a casual tone as he ate the last bite.

"But...one dayâ€|"

Hinata's eyes had changed. There was a hint of sadness in his eyes as he stare at the closet where he used to hide the creature.

"It just disappeared."

"Disappeared?"

Hinata nodded.

"Maybe its leg finally healed, so it took off by itself."

Hinata looked at Kageyama.

"You think so?"

"You can't keep a crow forever, Hinata. They're animals that are meant to leave places and never return."

Hinata leaned against the wall, sitting just beside Kageyama's spot.

"I hope it was able to have a safe flight. And live," The smaller lad's gaze seemed distant as he stared at the ceiling.

"Kageyama?"

"Whatâ€|"

"When that day comes, will you also leave?"

"Huh? What do you mean?"

"You're an angel, and you can't stay here for long right?"

There was silence.

"What gives you the ideaâ€|"

Hinata smiled.

"When I said all those things about you being my setter, you never replied."

There was no reply.

"You're going to leave, aren't you?"

There was a minute of silence.

"Angels can never stay here for too longâ€|we don't belong in this world. Plus, my job here is to make sure you stay safe until that

day."

"You mean, I can die again?"

"What I did was mess up with your fate, Hinata. By taking you back to the past, it means that I'm changing your fate. That day, you were meant to die. With my presence, it's my responsibility then to stay by your side until that exact hour passes, and when it doesâ€"

"You're going to leaveâ€|" Hinata finished the sentence for Kageyama.

"Yes. I will."

"Just like that crow, you'll leave."

"It can't be helped."

Dark eyes met amber ones.

"I am just an angel fulfilling my obligation. That's all, no more, no less."

Kageyama felt himself stiffen as he felt that familiar warmth spread on his face.

Hinata had just brushed his hand against the edge of his eye.

"Your eyesâ€|look just like hisâ€|"

The hand travelled down to his nose.

"And he had that habit of sniffing the pork bun."

"Hahaâ€|," Kageyama forced to take away his gaze at Hinata. "So are you saying that I'm like that crow?"

"Yep."

"I'm an angel, not a crow."

"Yeah, but you got black wings. You're a human crow thâ€"ACHOO!"

Kageyama snorted.

"Ah dammitâ€"

It was Hinata's turn to stiffen.

Kageyama had just brushed his hand over Hinata's nose.

"You're a mess, don't you know that?"

"Look who's talking! You even got a piece of that pork bun beside your mouth!"

Kageyama went red.

"Am not!"

"You are!" The angel was about to wipe the edge of his mouth when the same warmth settled beside his lips.

"See?" The orange head grinned in triumph as he showed the piece of meat.

"Hinata. Can you do me a favor?"

"Eh?"

"Just close your eyes."

"Why?"

"Just do it."

"Eeeehâ€|but who knows if you'll attempt to throw me against the bed again."

"I won't."

There was another round of silence as Hinata stared into Kageyama's eyes, as if he was trying to read the angel's mind.

"Fine. But if you strangle me, I swear I'm taking my revenge on you!"

"Whatever. Just do it."

Hinata heaved a deep sigh.

And closed his eyes. The smaller lad's brows were knitted in such a way that made him look like he's bracing for something dreadful to come. Kageyama had the urge to laugh.

All possible scenarios that flooded in the smaller lad's mind were then silenced by the warmth of two arms. He felt his head being settled against the angel's neck.

"Kageyama?"

"Don't open your eyes," He said in a rather imperative tone.

"O-Okayâ€|"

"You really smell like the sunâ€|"

"Kageyama?"

"â€|"

"You were really lonely up there, were you?"

"And what if I am?"

"I'm not some pillow that you can hug as you please. And this is really weird. You may be an angel, but we're both guys."

Hinata felt Kageyama stiffen.

"Fine! Forget that this ever hapâ€"

Hinata chuckled.

"It's fine. I was kidding. I know I should have felt creeped out, but strangely, I'm not."

The smaller lad gently loosened Kageyama's hold, squirming so as to kneel in front of the angel.

"Take this!" Hinata yelled as he threw his arms around Kageyama's neck.

The angel yelped.

"My neckâ€"can't brâ€"I can't breathe you idiot!"

"You wanted this right? I'm hugging you!"

"No! You're killing me!"

"Don't be shy Kageyama-kun! Now, indulge in Hinata Shouyo's warmth!"

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRGGGGGGHHHHHHH!"

10. Chapter 7: Hands and Feet

****Chapter 7: Hands and Feet****

****White**.**

To his left. To his right. Below him.

The sky above.

Everything was just a stark contrast to his self.

****Black**.**

The crow flapped its wings, eager to settle over a garbage bin. It had been three days since he decided to pay the mortal world a visit. Much to the bickering of the other angels above, he decided to follow his curiosity and take a taste of the human world.

Humans. They never fail to amuse him. As far as he knows, they are creatures of endless wishes. '_I wish I could pass the test'. 'I wish I could win her heart.' 'I want money.' 'I want to fly.' 'I want to go there.'_

_ 'I want a happy life.' _

_ 'I want to go to heaven.' _

And yet, no matter how good or bad they are, these wishes remain constant. Sure, there are deviants who wish for pain and enjoy

solitude, not even fearful of death.

But then again, they are humans. To him, there was not a single one who hasn't been tainted with sin. In this aspect, each and every one of them were the same.

And this was clearly the case right now. The angel with the crow wings who chose to go down on earth in avian form gets to witness the proof of his thoughts.

"Woahâ€¦look! A crow!"

"Baka! Crows are birds of bad luck!"

Damn you. I'm not a crow. I'm an angel. The crow thought to himself as he cocked his head on their direction. There were two of them. Oh well. They looked pretty nasty.

"But it seems that it's woundedâ€¦"

"Who cares? It's just an animal!"

"Butâ€¦" The smaller of the two bowed his head. He was wearing a bonnet. He kept on glancing at the crow.

"His leg is broken."

"Tch. Fine, you go stay there and freeze with that thing. Don't blame me if you get cursed!" The taller kid yelled at him. Before the smaller one could even retort, the other kid had went ahead, never even looking back. Was he really his friend? What more could he expect...

But indeed. This injury was getting worse. Had he been not stupid enough to get caught up in some branch, this would have never happened. Good job, Kageyama Tobio. For an angel whose name meant "flight" in itself, he sure was some angel right now who was handicapped to soar back to where he came from.

"Are you alright?" The kid whispered, kneeling in front the crow.

Yeah I am, was the crow's response. He only heard a squawk from himself. Oh yeah. He was a crow for now.

The kid smiled, and the moment he did so, the crow could not help but just stare at him.

His smile was blinding.

Like the sun.

He then removed his bonnet, revealing a mass of spiky, orange head.

Amidst the expanse of white that laid ahead, his hair seemed fiery.

Warm. Burning. Eternal.

Like the sun.

It was an act that he least expected from a human. The kid was now wrapping him with the rayon piece of wear with utmost caremas if he was as fragile as a wounded puppy.

The kid beamed at him once again.

"I'm taking you home. Let's take care of that leg of yours, 'kay?"

Ah.

I wonder what this human's name is.

By some miracle, the little kid gave a response.

"I'm Hinata Shouyo."

Hinata.

**Sunshine.**

Just like his name.

The crow gave another squawk.

This kid deserved the place where he came from. Unlike that selfish kid and the countless selfish people that he had seen, this kid deserved to live.

And with that, the crow ducked its head beneath the bonnet, and took a slumber.

* * *

><p>When Kageyama opened his eyes, Hinata was gone. His heart raced. Did something happen to him? He looked around the room and found a note.<p>

Sleepyhead, I went ahead. Your breakfast is on my desk. Eat up. Will bring home pork buns. \(^_^\)/

A smile crept on Kageyama's face as he read the handwriting which was obviously written in a hurry. The idiot must have woken up late. But wait, was his sleep really that deep? He did not even feel the shrimp shake him let alone leave the room.

Then again, maybe the shrimp chose not to wake him up.

The angel grimaced and leaned against the wall. He then glanced on Hinata's desk. True enough, there laid a tray of fried rice and sunny-side up eggs.

_Might as well eat as I read_â€|The angel thought, picking up the book he had been reading. He then picked the chopsticks and started eating, waiting for the time to pass by.

* * *

><p>It was already five thirty pm, and the shrimp wasn't home yet. The angel was becoming restless. Was buying pork buns that long? No. If he remembered it correctly, the shrimp was pretty much home by 5:15 yesterday. Unless he was walking like he's on the moonâ€|or he had cleaning duties. Or maybe some club activities? But the shrimp wasn't really a member of any club, and volleyball was the only thing that concerned him. Or did he by any chance forgot about the time and practiced like there's no tomorrow again?<p>

"Calm down Kageyama. Why the hell are you even freaking about it? There's nothing to worry aboutâ€|" He whispered aloud to himself. He then tried to read the third last chapter of the book.

And found that no word was getting to his head.

The angel slammed the book against the bed. This was useless.

Without even thinking twice, Kageyama left Hinata's room.

The angel was about to fly out of the window when something caught his ear.

The voice of Hinata's mom.

They seem to be watching the evening news.

"Eh? But isn't that store near to Hinata's school?"

"Indeed," Hinata's father replied.

"Maa, maaâ€|I hope the kid knows about this! I should call him."

What? What was happening?

The angel jumped from the window of Hinata's floor. He then ran to the one beside the sofa. True enough, Hinata's parents were watching TV.

"As of the moment, the police had detected the criminal's route. It is said that the car he was driving was heading towards the Ukai Convenience Store. Authorities near the said establishment are now warning the people to take caution."

Will bring home pork buns.

Hinata's voice echoed in his head.

The angel wasted no time. At the speed of light, the angel spread out its wings and made his way to the said store.

* * *

><p>"Don't come close, or I'll kill this kid!"<p>

The people muttered words of panic and worry over the kid. The situation had gone worse. The criminal was now holding a hostage in his hand, a knife under the poor lad's chin, ready to slice his throat the moment he does anything funny.

But there was no trace of fear in his eyes. They were just as fierce as the man who had just grabbed him out of the blue. Honestly, he only went on his way to buy some pork buns for the grumpy angel, and now, a minute after, he transforms from a customer to a hostage?

He sure was on his way to another death.

But strangely, he could not feel a glint of worry for himself. It was as if he did not care anymore.

Because he had gone through a far worse pain and fear than death.

The pain and fear of being alive and yet unable to do anything at the same time. The sensation of not being able to say and do what you want to your loved ones, and protect them.

"Let go of me, stinking old man!" Hinata struggled to break free, only to get gripped tighter by the man.

"Shut up kid! You do realize what position you're in? I'm a criminal and I can kill you!"

Hinata snorted.

"You're going to kill me and yet you looked so afraid? Let me bet, you're just as afraid as me—"you don't wanna get hit by the bullets, don't you!?"

The criminal was now pointing the tip of the knife at the very center of Hinata's throat. A little more and it would cause a slice of blood to the skin.

Hinata grinned. "I'm right, ain't I?"

"I said shut up!"

The people shrieked. The police aimed their guns, ready to kill the criminal. The man raised his arm, ready to strike the blow at Hinata.

"Hinata!"

Hinata had a split second to feel his heart race. He knew that voice.

Hinata felt himself being thrown towards the ground, being wielded a couple of meters from the man.

"You bastard!"

Kageyama clenched his teeth.

"As if a mortal like you could hurt me!" Kageyama screamed, sending a direct hit to the man's cheekbones. The man staggered.

"Brat—"

"Kageyama!" Hinata screamed. The man was now holding a gun, and it was aimed right at Kageyama's head.

The angel smirked. "You're gonna shoot me?"

The man could feel himself from shaking. His eyes. Pitch black. Dark as the night.

And at the very center, was a spiral of light—a spinning galaxy amidst the infinite black.

"Your eyes—"

"What about my eyes?" Kageyama whispered, walking towards the man.

"I'm really gonna shoot you!"

"Shoot me?"

The man's eyes widened, as if he was seeing the worst scene ever to unfold before his eyes.

Hinata saw it too.

The black wings spreading proudly, a couple of feathers even falling to the ground as Kageyama revealed his true form to the man.

He then looked at the people around the area.

They were not moving at all.

As if they were frozen.

"Kageyama, let's just go—"

"GO AWAAAAAAYYYYYYYYY!" The man shrieked, pulling the trigger.

The angel avoided it with ease. In a blink, he directed his kick at the man's wrist, causing the latter to lose hold of the gun.

"How's that, huma—"

Bang.

The air from Hinata's lungs seemed to have vanished. Even Kageyama felt himself freeze as he felt something hot and burning in his leg.

It was rather familiar.

Years and years ago, it was the spot that got broken when he got tangled from a branch in his avian form. Except now, the spot was hurting—not from a broken bone—but from the shot of a gun.

"You thought I was alone?" The man grinned in triumph as Kageyama fell to his knees.

The accomplice was about to shoot another bullet at Kageyama, until Hinata had enough time to toss the ball from his slingbag, aiming it

at the man's face.

Kageyama could not believe his eyes. It was the same move that Hinata had used against him, and it proved to be just as effective as a deadly weapon when the man who shot him fell to the ground from the impact.

The man hissed and crawled his way to the pick up the weapon.

"Hinata! Take my hand! NOW!"

The orange head knew better than to ask. Without any second thoughts, he grabbed Kageyama's hand.

The angel looked back at the two, the two pairs of eye meeting his celestial ones.

"_Forget that you ever saw this."_

The two men's eyes widened, as if they had been hit by something. In a matter of seconds, they both stood up, their expressions in a daze.

Hinata gulped at the sight, but before he knew it, Kageyama had him hoisted on his arms, carrying the bewildered lad as the angel took its flight to the lad's home.

* * *

><p>Kageyama was tempted to crash himself against the floor because of the burning pain in his leg, but the fact that Hinata was in his arms kept his reason in control. The angel settled the lad gently as he could on the bed.<p>

"WHY ARE YOU SO RECKLESS!" The two screamed at the same time.

"YOU COULD HAVE BEEN KILLED!" The two both yelled, glaring at each other. Kageyama was ready to burst another reprimand, but the orange head had rushed to him.

"Your legâ€|we must treat it!" Hinata's voice shook as he placed his fingers on the spot just around the wound. The small lad was about to stand up and rush downstairs for a med kit, but Kageyama stopped him with a grip on his wrist.

"Calm down! I'm gonna be fine!"

"Be fine?! Kageyama, you have just been shoâ€"

The angel tugged the orange head towards him, not breaking the grip around his wrist.

"Watch me."

The angel spread his wings. He then reached his free hand beyond and plucked a feather.

"What are you doing?" The panic had not left Hinata's voice for a bit, let alone his body.

"It's gonna be fine."

Kageyama let go of Hinata's wrist. He then bent down to reach for the wounded leg.

And plunged the feather right at the wound.

The black head's face contorted with pain for a bit, but soon enough, he breathed out a sigh of relief. Light came from the feather as it buried deeper to the wound. Slowly, the red began to disappear, leaving the skin devoid of any sign of injury. It was as if nothing had happened in the first place. Only the torn clothing served as an evidence that yes, the angel had been shot.

"We can heal ourselves with our feathers. So there's really nothing to worry about!" Kageyama had stopped speaking as soon as he heard sobs and sniffs.

Hinata was clutching his shirt, drops of tears falling to the floor.

"Idiot! What if you really died?!"

"B-But angels cannot die!"

"DERP! IT'S NOT REALLY ABOUT DYING! I DON'T WANNA SEE YOU GET HURT! DO YOU EVEN KNOW HOW AFRAID I WAS WHEN I SAW YOU RUSH AT THE SCENE?! I WAS DEAD SCARED!" Hinata yelled at the top of his lungs.

Kageyama bit his lips.

"THEN WHAT ABOUT ME! DO YOU EVEN KNOW HOW I FELT?! WHEN I SAW YOUR NECK BEING THREATENED WITH A KNIFE! YOU THINK IT WAS EASY?! I'M AN ANGEL, AND YOU'RE A HUMAN! YOU CAN DIE!" Kageyama screamed in a volume that rivaled Hinata's.

"I DON'T CARE! I'VE DIED ONCE, AND I WAS MEANT TO! IT WAS ONLY BECAUSE OF YOU THAT I GET TO LIVE LIKE THIS!"

"WELL I CARE, HINATA, I CARE! I WANT TO PROTECT YOU JUST LIKE THE WAY YOU PROTECTED ME YEARS AGO!"

Hinata's eyes widened.

"Years ago?" He spoke in a small voice. He was still shaking.

Kageyama reached out for Hinata's hand, and held it, lacing his fingers around Hinata's own.

"Seven years ago, I went down to this world. I was just a crow then, and I took that form as a disguise. I was bored, and with that form, I observed these humans. To me, they have always been the same. They were amusing, so different from the way they present themselves and yet so similar in the way they wished for things. Money, love, happiness—these were the things us angels always hear from them. And yet, all of them, all of them had been selfish—even just once in their life—they have committed their own sins. And all humans that I've met—had acted that way. But Hinata—" Kageyama spoke the

name with such a gentle voice that it made Hinata's heart flutter.

"You're different."

Hinata gulped.

"Even if I was just an animal—a crow—a bird that was seen as a bad omen—you chose to take care of me and my broken leg. You gave me those pork buns and talked to me like I was another human. You had no glint of sin in you. You were just too pure and glowing"

Kageyama pulled Hinata closer to him.

And wrapped his arms around the lad.

"Like the sun."

Hinata buried his face on the angel's chest.

"So you were that crow|"

"But I am here now. I returned. To grant your wish. So that you could live again and be happy."

Hinata sniffed. "But you're going to leave me again. When that day comes, you'll take flight. And leave me."

Kageyama gave a smile. A sad one.

"Because angels, like crows, are creatures that are meant to fly and never stay in one place."

The angel felt Hinata clench on the fabric of his cloth.

"And I haven't even bought you your favorite pork buns!" Hinata cried.

Kageyama sighed. "It can't be helped. Those idiots caused a ruckus. I'm betting they're headed to jail now."

Hinata let out another sniff.

"Plus you're safe. I'm safe. That's the most important thing, right?" Kageyama leaned so as to stare right at the orange head's eyes, which were now all red from sobbing.

"H-Hai|"

"So now, stop crying|" He said, patting the mass of orange hair.

Hinata nodded.

Kageyama smiled.

"Now go change your clothes. I can hear your mom running upstairs. Better make a proper excuse how you were able to go straight here without even using the door downstairs," Kageyama spoke in a playful

tone, finally grinning at the smaller lad who was now rubbing his eyes and blowing his nose with a handkerchief.

"Kageyama."

"What is it?"

At that moment, the angel swore that he finally knew how it felt to just get frozen, just like what he did for those two scums.

Except that this shock wasn't out of fear.

It was from a mad, mad beating of that organ in his chest.

All caused by a single kiss on his left cheek.

The last thing that he saw was Hinata's red face, with the shrimp muttering something like 'thanks' before he rushed downstairs to explain things to his family.

The angel just stared at the door, looking like an idiot with his hand placed on that spot.

11. Chapter 7-A

Chapter 7.5: Epilogue. Hands and Feet.

When Hinata entered the room, Kageyama swore that one, the boy had lost sense of reality making him knock all sorts of stuff before going to bed (he almost had his own cabinet fall on him had it not for Kageyama's fast reflex); two, he had gone stiff like a robot (it was true. The boy entered the room in a movement reminiscent of some machine trying to get some errand done.); and three, he was likely wishing that he didn't have to go to this room, after the fact that he did kiss an angel.

On the cheek.

The angel would be lying if he said that it did not make his heart beat fast at all, but seeing Hinata look like he was gonna drop dead from all the clumsiness any moment just combatted his feelings.

"_Hinata_?"

He was right. The boy knocked his knee right at the edge of his desk's table just as he was about to climb over the bed.

"Would it make you feel better if I sleep outside?"

"E-Eh?!" Hinata yelped. "W-Why would you even do that?"

"Because my presence is making you uncomfortable?" Kageyama said, standing up from his usual spot. "Have a good night!"

"NO!" Hinata exclaimed.

"It's all right, if you don't want me here!"

"I said 'no'!" Hinata exclaimed once again, this time throwing Kageyama a glare.

"Then stop acting like this room is not yours."

"I'm not acting like an idiot."

"Hinata, I never said you are an idiot, but I'm glad you realized it yourself."

Hinata threw a stronger glare.

"Fine! I'm sleeping outside!" Hinata said, jumping out of the bed, ready to storm outside the room when Kageyama got the better of him.

"Hold it. You're thinking about the kiss right?" Kageyama spoke in a casual tone as he clutched Hinata's hand.

It was a bull's eye. Hinata went red right away, avoiding the angel's eyes.

Kageyama sighed. "Please Hinata, it's no big dealâ€"honestlyâ€" _Well. Not exactly. It did caught me off-guard butâ€" _

"It's not normal! Why would a guy like me even kiss another guy on the cheek?!" Hinata cried.

"You were just caught up by the momentâ€" Kageyama said, patting Hinata's head.

"Butâ€" "

"Hinataâ€" please. Go to bed. That incident was no joke, and it can be traumatizing. You were just scared."

"I'm not scared for my own. I was scared for your sake, idiot!"

Kageyama looked taken aback for a moment.

"Yes. I know. So thank you," he spoke in the gentle voice that made Hinata feel something flutter in his stomach. "Now go to bed and rest. You need it."

"Oâ€"Okayâ€" Hinata said, bowing his head and unconsciously lacing his fingers around Kageyama's.

"Ah. "

"Ah. "

The two looked at their own hands.

Then to each other's eyes.

The two went red at the same time.

And looked away from each other's gaze, withdrawing their hands at the same time.

"Sorryâ€¦"

"Mmâ€¦it's okay. I mean held it first andâ€¦"

"N-No. Well yeah. Umâ€¦g-good night."

Kageyama nodded.

"You sure you were not hurt by that scum?"

Hinata shook his head and smiled. "Please. I'm stronger than I look."

"Yeah, so strong that you get worked up on a kiss."

Hinata threw the pillow right at Kageyama.

"Good night!" The orange head spoke, grabbing the blanket and throwing it over his whole body.

Kageyama went back to his spot, right beside Hinata's bed.

"Good nightâ€¦" He whispered.

"Kageyama, did I freak you out?" A muffled voice came under the blankets.

"Huh?"

"T-The kiss."

"Oh."

Kageyama smirked.

"If it's another human I would have."

"â€¦"

"But it's you, so no."

"I seeâ€¦"

Kageyama saw another movement under the sheets. To his surprise, a hand emerged from the blanket.

"Give me your hand."

"E-Eh?"

"Hurry."

"O-Okay."

Kageyama did so, and reached for the smaller hand.

"It's warm."

"It's not like I'm a reptile."

"You bully," Hinata said, finally getting his head out of the sheets just to glare at the angel.

Kageyama gave another smirk.

"Why yes I amâ€|" He whispered in a rather teasing manner.

"You're doing this on purpose!"

"What? What am I exactly doing?" Kageyama whispered once again, this time, resting his chin over the edge of the mattress so that he was almost face to face with the orange head.

"Stop whispering like that!"

"Tell me Hinata, whatâ€|"MMPH!"

Hinata had just shoved a pillow, right at the angels' face.

"You brat!" came Kageyama's muffled voice as he tried to remove the pillow from his face. And when he did, he came to meet another sensation.

It was a soft one, but this time, it wasn't the fabric of the pillow.

They were Hinata's lips.

"Right back at you!" were the last words that the shrimp said before he went inside his blankets like a turtle who just went hiding in his shell.

"Oi idiot! What the hell was that! Oi! Answer me! W-waitâ€|oi! That's definitely a fake snore! HINATAAAAAAAAAA!"

* * *

><p>A.N.: _Once again, lots of love for those people who continue supporting this fanfic! :3 Your response has made me fluffy like this fic!_

_On another note, hope you guys were also having a blast with all these great animes! Re:Hamatora has made me ask: ART WHAT THE HELL IS YOUR PROBLEM. LET'S TALK. DMMD is slowly emitting the gay vibes, and FREE Eternal Summer is awesome as always (yeah do that sexy bed pose Rin). Haikyuu answers our wishes with a smiling Kageyama! :3 _

12. Chapter 8: Mouth

**Pretty much that scene that you've been waiting for. Probably.
XD**

* * *

><p>Chapter 8: Mouth

_But I asked a favor _

_"I'm fine with just one mouth" I said _

_So that I don't fight with myself _

So that I can only kiss one person

When he opened his eyes, the first thing that he saw was the sleeping angel. The orange head could not help but smile to himself. Resting a forearm at the edge of the bed, his chin resting on his palm, Hinata Shouyo watched Kagayema Tobio as he slept.

Perhaps, he was having another good dream again. A really, really nice one. What exactly it was, Hinta had no idea. Sometimes, he wished he could read his mind too. He thought it was unfair. The angel could see right through him. He said that he was easy to read.

It was just unfair. Just unfair.

In his mind, there was this little game that he played. Lately, he'd been trying to wake up even before the grumpy angel does. He had a lot of reasons, the most obvious of which was the fact that he wanted to save himself from the angel's yells and bickering just to wake him up. It ticked him off. He wanted to hug his pillow longer and continue those dreams where he was soaring while playing volleyball. Secondly, it gave him a sense of achievementâ€"that at leastâ€"he was able to do something "first" before the superpower-gifted being.

The third reason, wellâ€"

Hinata remembered the sensation of Kageyama's lips. He never imagined that they could be that soft. He was scary as hell (an irony since he had always thought that angels were graceful creatures, inside and out).

But when he felt those lips, all his thoughts went blank. Not that he had any time to think about it. It was a deliberate move. He just wanted to get back at him. He swore that when he reached out his face, he just wanted to shut him up. He never even thought that he could do it.

It was as if, his body just moved on its own. Without even waiting for rationality to kick in.

Hinata sighed, still staring at the angel's sleeping face.

Then again, maybe. That was his real reason.

So that he could watch him without him knowing.

So that he could spend those little moments and appreciate the fact that he was there, just beside him.

The angel that saved his life and gave him a second chance to live. Not once, but twice.

He kept it a secret from Kageyama, but the truth wasâ€"he had been counting the days.

The days left until the crow-like creature would spread its wings and

fly his way back to where he came from.

The days left until he could hear his voice—be it his yells, his rants, his whispers, or just the simple statements that came out of his mouth.

The days left until he could watch him like this.

Hinata buries his face to the pillow once again, and sighs for the nth time.

There was really something wrong with him, and he could not explain it himself.

He just knew that he wanted the angel to stay for a little longer.

But then again, he was unfair.

For him to leave on the very day he should be celebrating his birth.

The moment he closes his eyes, the angel opens his, and speaks.

His voice. It cuts through him like electricity, sending sparks that light up something in him. Whatever it was called, he still had no idea. But then again, that didn't matter.

"Hinata—"

His was the first word that he says, and that was enough to make up for the start of his day.

"Yer alr'dy awake—" Kageyama muttered, his eyes struggling to flutter open.

Hinata looked at the clock.

"Heheh—you're right—it's only four am—" Hinata weakly chuckled. He could feel the drowsiness coming back as he felt his head become light again.

"Go to sleep, baka. You'll fall asleep when you go to class—" Kageyama mumbled, leaning his head against the wall.

"Don't wanna—"

"Don't be stingy. Go back to sleep."

"Don't wanna—" Hinata said, reaching out for the blankets and hugging them closer to himself.

"And why?"

Hinata turned his head so that he was facing Kageyama, whose face was now nestled over the mattress, just an inch from his own. His eyes fell down to the angel's lips. Hinata blushed, turning his head away.

Kageyama sighed.

"You used to stare at my eyes so much and now you won't look at me!"

"!"

"Anything bothering you? Don't tell me you had a nightmare again?"

"And if I did?"

"!"

"Well, I-I-maybe!" "I could sing!"

Hinata's head jolted towards Kageyama at lightning speed.

"Really?"

"But did you really have a nightmare?"

"!" "I did! I!" "I dreamt that I was playing volleyball and I just missed your toss!"

"You call that a nightmare?"

"Yeah! Cause you got mad at me and you became a monster in my dream!" "ouch!"

Kageyama had just pinched Hinata's cheeks.

"You're lying."

"E-Eh!"

"I could read your mind, remember?"

"Bully!" Hinata. "Fine, it's not like I'm forcing you to!"

**Kitto boku wa tazuneraretan darou **

**Umareru mae dokoka no dareka ni **

**"Mirai to kako dochira ka hitotsu wo **

**Mireru you ni shite ageru kara sa **

**Docchi ga ii?"**

Hinata's eyes lit up. And then he was just staring at Kageyama.

"You!"

Kageyama smiled, but did not reply. Instead, he continued singing.

Hinata closed his eyes. Yes. This was one of the things that might

have made him appreciate the angel more. His wonderful voice that could calm him, erasing even the worst of nightmares.

**Dakedo boku wa onegai shitanda yo **

**"Kuchi wa hitotsu dake de ii desu" to **

**Boku ga hitori de kenka shinai you ni **

**Hitori to dake kisu ga dekiâ€œ" **

**(But I asked a favor **

**"I'm fine with just one mouth" I said.**

**So that I don't fight with myself **

**So that I can only kiss one personâ€œ") **

Hinata giggled.

"That's an interesting song," he cut in.

"Well, it's a song about a certain being who gave a certain human life. Eyes. Ears. Nose. Hands. Feet. Mouthâ€œ"

"That's you," Hinata muttered, smiling at Kageyama. "You gave me this life."

"Hmâ€œ|"

"You're like a delivery boy then. Who answered some order I made."

"Give me a break. Giving you this second chance to live is the most difficult order I've ever had. You're too energetic it's like taking care of an excited puppy."

"But you came to me. You heeded my wish."

"That'sâ€œ" Kageyama bit his lips. "That's because I wanted you to live again, didn't I tell you?"

It was Hinata's turn to give a "hm".

"What are you thinking?"

"I've never really thanked you enough."

"You gave me a kiss on the cheek."

Hinata gave Kageyama a smack on the head.

"It's not enough!"

"Oh, if you mean giving me another kiss, I'd gladly indulgeâ€œ" OUCH!"

Another spank.

"Are you really an angel? H-H-How could you be t-t-t-this much of a tease?!" Hinata exclaimed, looking indignant.

Kageyama smirked. "Someone's affected."

"Shut up! Just listen to what I'll say."

Hinata sat up and crossed his legs, facing Kageyama.

"Kageyamaâ€|"

Yes. This time, he won't run away.

"Thank you. For everything. For saving me from those bullies. For tossing to me. Forâ€|for giving me this second chance to live."

This time. He would not close his eyes. He would look him in the eye. And send those feelings straight.

Hinata watched him as he stood up.

Watched him as he used his hands as leverage to lean unto him.

Watched that face reach out to him.

His sense of sight had been number though. What remained was the sense of touch. And hearing. There was a loud beating that cut through his ears. It wasn't from outside.

It was from his chest.

Kageyama withdrew his lips.

"You're welcome," he whispered.

"_**Wasuretai demo wasurenai **_

**Konna omoi wo nanto yobu no kai?"**

(_**This kind of feeling that I want to forget, but can't
**_

**What do you call it?）**

Hinata could feel something warm in his chest. It felt like a ball of heat. Swarming. Spinning. In spirals.

Right in his chest.

He could feel getting hotter and hotter at the moment as he felt Kageyama's breath brush against his own lips.

And the next thing he knew, he was crying.

The orange had sat on his knees, throwing his arms around the angel.

"Woah!"

"Kageyama! I feel weird! This is not normal this is not normal! You cursed me!"

"C-Cursed you?"

"Yes! You cursed me! You must have done something to me! I'm a guy and yetâ€|and yetâ€"YOU'RE ALWAYS IN MY HEAD I CAN'T STOP STARING AT YOUR EYES I CAN'T STOP REPLAYING YOUR VOICE IN MY HEAD I THINK YOUR NOSE IS CUTE WHEN YOU SNIFF THAT PORK BUNS ANDâ€"ANDâ€"THERE'S A WEIRD FLUTTERING IN MY CHEST EVERYTIME I THINK OF THOSE THINGS!"

"Well excuse me, you're the one who cursed meâ€|" Hinata loosened his hold, staring at Kageyama once again so that he could see what he meant.

The angel was smiling.

"When you saved me, that curse started. So it's your fault."

"H-Ha?!"

"Now stop blabbing and go back to sleepâ€|" Kageyama spoke, wrapping his arms around the back of Hinata's legs and carrying in his arms, bridal style.

"O-Oi! Put me down!"

"That's what I'm doing."

"No! I mean put me down! On the floor!"

"Is that an order?"

"Yes!"

Kageyama knitted his brows, as if he was thinking too hard over Hinata's words.

"Don't wanna."

"E-Eh?!"

"Payback time for waking me up, making me sing, and making me do weird things," he said, walking at the very center of the floor. As he did, he whirled Hinata around with effortless grace.

"W-Woah! It's making me dizzy!"

Kageyama chuckled and stopped.

"Fine. Let's just stay awake for a while now. It's a Friday after all."

Hinata bowed his head.

"Oi, you look gloomy again."

"Friday. Next is Saturday. And then comes Sunday," Hinata buried his face at the crook of Kageyama's neck. "Three more days."

"Ba-ka!" Kageyama flicked a finger at Hinata's forehead.

"Ouch!"

"Three days is long enough. Then how about this? Since it's a Saturday tomorrow, we can't you know get out."

"Like a date?"

"W-Well, if that's how you humans call it!"

Hinata's eyes widened. "Oooooooooooooohhhh!" The shrimp did look thrilled. Kageyama could not help but call it cute.

"And so where do you wanna go?"

"The volleyball court!"

"For god's sake I need a change of scenery!"

"A volleyball arena?"

"The word 'volleyball' is still there! Me or volleyball? Choose!"

Hinata cast his eyes down, like a puppy who just got yelled by his owner.

"Y-You!" He said in a small voice.

Kageyama had to look away to hide his blush.

"Fine. We'll go wherever you like."

"Yatta!" Hinata raised a fist in triumph.

"Ah! you're getting heavy...guess I will put you down for a while!"

"No! After I finally get to enjoy this height!"

"I'm not a babysitter, you demanding shrimp!" Kageyama snapped.

"Kageyama-kun."

"What?"

"So! what does this mean?"

"What do you mean?"

"I kissed you. And then you k-kissed me back. I said some weird things. You said some weird things. So what are we now?"

"A master and a servant. Ah no wait! a master and his puppy. A small

puppy."

"E-Eh?!"

"Just kiddingâ€|" Kageyama whispered as he planted another kiss on Hinata. The orange head's eyes widened, but then again, just like that time.

He wasn't running away.

Hinata smiled into the kiss and wrapped his arms around Kageyama as he kissed the angel back.

* * *

><p>A.N.:_Hey guys! I just wanna grab this chance to thank you for your overwhelming response to Invincible! Man, all the reviews and favorites and follows...Q_Q This has made me consider another Haikyuu! fic, but it might feature another pairing instead. Maybe like...a spin-off of Invincible. Shoutout to Hikari-chan for being a loyal reviewer and follower of this fic! XD_

13. Chapter 8-A: Epilogue Mouth

This chapter is bordering the M rating. You know what that means, perv.

* * *

><p>Chapter 8.5: Epilogue. Mouth.

Somehow. They had ended talking about stuff. For almost two hours, they were just chatting. Asking questions. Answering them. Knowing trivial things about each other. Loads of times did the shrimp laugh about the fact that the angel was scared of dogs, to which the angel laughed at how the latter would go take a dump whenever he feels nervous.

Somehow, they ended staying awake until the clock struck seven. Hinata leapt up from the bed like a toad, grappling to reach his school bag and rushing downstairs to take a bath. Thanks to Kageyama's assistance, he was able to make it in time.

Hinata gave him a longing look before he left.

Somehow, it made him go with him.

I'll just walk him to school, he told himself.

He did, with the two of them holding each other's hands until they reached the part of the street where a few people were already passing by.

Hinata gave him a longing look when they reached the gate.

Somehow, he ended up waiting for the shrimp, watching him as his head drooped loads of times during class. He had to throw a piece of paper just to wake him up. The shrimp yelled, stood up and said:

"Hai!"

The whole class laughed. Hinata looked to his left. There he was, grinning like the impish angel that he is. Screw him for being invisible.

Somehow, he ended up joining Hinata for his volleyball time. He made himself visible this time. He mustered his power to wield a friendly smile to Hinata's two friends, which only made the two back away and cower in fear. Hinata merely laughed.

"You might have a beautiful voice, but man, your smile can kill."

He grabbed Hinata's head, making the latter wince in pain.

He tossed and he tossed, the two others ogling at his skills.

"You could be a national player!" They said with eyes of admiration."

"No thanks. I'm busy."

"Ehhhhâ€|but that would be a waste! Hinata also dreams of it, but with his height, we doubt that he canâ€""

"No. He can," Kageyama cut the boy's sentence. He then tossed the ball up high in the air.

"Becauseâ€|"

Hinata crouched himself, ready to receive the ball.

"He can fly!"

True enough, the shrimp ran past the two at the blink of an eye, his shadow casting over them as he reached for the ball.

"Woahâ€|we never knew you could jump that high Hinata!"

Hinata grinned, his chest swelling with pride.

Somehow, he ended walking with him once again, this time to the convenience store. It was the first time that they bought the pork buns together. The sole clerk of the store (who must have been the owner also) kept on staring at him. He looked rather punk for his job, with a headband keeping his blonde spiky hair in place. What was more, he had pointed eyes, making him look like a crow.

"You."

Hinata and Kageyama were about to take their exit when the man called.

He then pointed at the two.

"Would make a great combo in volleyball."

Hinata's eyes widened. He then gazed at Kageyama with his usual

sparkling eyes. The angel merely raised his eyebrows.

"A petite form that would make way for a versatile movement in the court, a light weight that would pave the way for a high jumping ability" that's you," he said, pointing at Hinata. "And then a player which focuses on accuracy, precision, and form" that's you," he said, pointing this time at Kageyama.

"A-uhm" Kageyama merely muttered. "Thanks for the compliment, but we gotta go now."

"Fine. But don't forget what I said. It'd be a waste if you don't heed my words," the man said, smirking at them.

"He's weird," Kageyama said as the two of them munched on their pork buns.

"Mm"

Somehow, he had ended up spending the day with Hinata.

Night fell, and to Kageyama's surprise, Hinata did his homework without any qualms. He seemed rather serious, for he did not utter a word as he scrunched his face in concentration over his science assignment. Kageyama swore that the orange head must have been possessed.

After an hour or so, Hinata closed his notebook.

"Done!" He exclaimed, totally pleased with himself.

"You're rather disciplined today, aren't you?"

"Heheh" Hinata scratched his head. "Maa" it's because"

"Because?"

"I wanted to savor the remaining time. Getting to know stuff."

Kageyama's eyes widened slightly. He then smiled.

"Ah, you're up for another chat" so that's what it is. And here I am, thinking that you're finally becoming a geek"

"Oi!"

"Alright, make yourself home and hit me with those questions." Kageyama patted the spot beside him.

Hinata beamed. He then rushed to Kageyama's side.

Somehow, they had ended up spending night" chatting.

Until it turned into an exchange of whispers.

An exchange of words.

Making the shrimp blush again and again, and sometimes, the angel.

The smaller lad realized the time. It was already ten. He needed to go to sleep. He looked reluctant himself, giving Kageyama a meaningful look when he stood up.

Then don't. Not yet.

Kageyama smiled, pulling the shrimp back to his side with a grip around his arm.

Somehow, they have ended kissing again.

Feeling each other's lips.

Until somehow, the both of them craved for more.

More contact. A deeper connection. A tighter bond. A need for entanglement.

Somehow, he ended carrying the shrimp to bed, not even breaking the kiss as he gathered the courage to slip his tongue inside the sensitive mouth. He settled him carefully over the sheets, making sure that the small head would not bump against the headboard.

And then just like that, the kiss turned feverish.

It was his first, and he was sure that it went the same for Hinata.

Ah—kissing sure does feel wet. But it wasn't disgusting at all, which was rather surprising for himself. How could it ever be?

This was Hinata.

The boy who showed him kindness.

The life he wanted to save.

The one that he loved.

And then he was taking his shirt off. Soon, he was taking Hinata's off. Damn, how he looked cute when he tried to overcome his embarrassment. One by one, pieces of clothing piled over the floor.

Somehow, they have ended up naked. Lips to lips. Skin to skin. Whisper to whisper. A tangle of limbs. Everything moved in synchronicity. He wonders if they ever grabbed that chance the man at the convenience store mentioned with him tossing the ball to Hinata on the court, would it still be the same? Would they still be able to read each other's mind, trust each other, and move in symphony?

He does not know. He had no idea. It was something distant—a future that he wanted to see and reach out for himself.

But he knows that he couldn't.

Time does not stop. It does not wait for no one.

And so just like this, he would savor every second, just like how Hinata wanted it too.

He would own him if this is what it meant to make up for the future that he won't be a part of. A future where he could not sing to him, reach out with his voice, and hold him to show he was there. A future where he could not touch and feel him the way that he could for now.

They whispered each other's name again and again, and soon, they were calling each other by their first names. And how it made him happy. Heaven might bewhere he had come from, but with this moment, he knew that the place wouldn't even come close to this. This swelling happiness. Only Hinata could give it to him.

Hinata moans, again and again, as his lips reach the places that nobodyâ€"not even Hinata himselfâ€"had touched. From his forehead to the every corner of his neck, his chin, his jaw, his ears (which made Hinata clutch to him with all his might), the juncture which led to his shouldersâ€"down to the expanse of his chestâ€"his thighsâ€"to the most forbidden part of a human's bodyâ€"

Ahâ€"for an angel, he was a sinner.

Soon, he was moving his lips back to where Hinata's parted lips where, leaving a trail of kisses which made the small frame arch up. He kissed him once again, this time, making sure that all his feelings would come across through.

Hinata's nails dug deep at Kageyama's back as he entered him.

He moaned and he moaned, almost screaming as tears brimmed.

For one last time, they kissed, their chests almost crushing against each other.

As if their hearts themselves were aching to reach out to each other.

And say:

Can you hear that? _Right at this moment. I am beating madly. Madly. _

This is how I love you.

* * *

><p>Yet again I asked a favor _

"_**I'm sorry, but as for me **_

**I don't need the heart on my right side **

**Sorry for always saying selfish thingsâ€"|"**

**That is so that when I meet an important person **

**And I hold him **

**I will understand for the first time **

**That our two beats sound on both sides of our chest.**

* * *

><p>A.N. Two more chapters for this fic. :) Again, my endless thanks for all of those who have followed and supported this fic! \(^o^)/

(Shameless promotion: if you have tumblr, you may follow a u. r. c o m.

14. Chapter 9: Heart

Chapter 9: Heart

_The left is mine, and the right is yours _

_The left is yours, and the right is mine _

_So that when I am alone, there is something missing _

So that I do not live on alone

* * *

><p>The first thing that he sees when he opens his eyes is Kageyama's gentle face. His eyes were just open, staring at him as he'd been watching him sleep the whole time.<p>

"Go back to sleep" he muttered.

"You're still awake?" Hinata spoke in a drowsy voice. He shifted his weight to his side, rubbing his eyes to check the time. It was merely five am, and the sun had not even risen from the horizon.

Hinata closed his eyes again, burying his head at the crook of Kageyama's neck.

He felt extremely warm against his bare skin.

Oh right.

They did it. They have really done it.

The orange head blushed at the thought as he realized that he had just bared his whole self to another being—and it was even an angel.

"Your ears are red" Kageyama spoke rather teasingly, this time using his hand as a leverage to rest his chin over his palm, giving him a better view of the shrimp, who had now buried his face to the angel's chest. He then gently ran a finger on one of Hinata's cowlicks, brushing it to the side.

Hinata giggled. "That kinda tickles."

Kageyama smiled.

"Go back to sleep," he muttered once again, placing a kiss on the shrimp's forehead as soon as he looked up.

"It's a Saturday."

"Yeah, but you'll need energy later."

"Hmâ€|"

"We're going on a date, remember?"

Hinata's eyes lit up amidst the dark. He beamed at Kageyama.

"Where do you wanna go?"

"Hmâ€|" Hinata scrunched his face in concentration.

"Kageyama."

"Hm?"

"_Suki da_."

It was a bare whisper, yet it was enough to make Kageyama's heart stop for a second.

"I know."

"Ne Hinata."

"Hm?"

"Do you know? It is said that once, people had four legs and four hands."

"E-Eh?! That must've lookedâ€|grossâ€|"

Kageyama laughed. "It's just a legend."

"Maa, but it would've made volleyball easier. You can toss the ball with your one hand, and then you can support it if almost falls, then you can throw it again!"

"Ughâ€|the image is sending me shivers. Plus, it'd make it harder for you to move. Imagine yourself running with four feet."

Hinata chuckled. "Indeed. But why did you mention it?"

"Hmâ€|just that according to the legend, God split this body into two."

"W-Woahâ€|must've hurt a lot!" Hinata shuddered at the thought.

"And that's why it is said the people spend their lives looking for the other half," The angel said, giving a slight smile to Hinata.

"Oooooooooohhhâ€¦interesting! Does that mean that you are my other half?" Hinata said without batting an eye.

"Maybe. Maybe you had the other half of my heart."

"And maybe it's the reason why we are in synch! In the court I meanâ€¦"

Kageyama chuckled. To his surprise, Hinata had placed his ear just above the spot where his heart was.

"It's loud."

Kageyama smiled. He then placed his hand on Hinata's own chest, making the human flinch at the sudden warmth of the contact.

"So is yours."

"Kageyama-kunâ€¦ The drowsiness in his voice was coming back.

"What is it?"

"Can you pleaseâ€¦sing that song again?"

"You never get tired of it, don't you?"

"No way. No matter how many times you sing itâ€¦I would never ever grow tired of itâ€¦"

The angel sighed.

"Well thenâ€¦" Kageyama spoke, pulling the blanket higher over the two of them.

And thus, he began to sing.

The orange head smiled, his eyes fluttering to a close.

The angel had hardly finished the second to the last verse of the song when he heard a snore come out from the body next to him.

He was about to close his eyes and let himself fall to sleep whenâ€¦"

"_Don't go_."

It was Hinata, his eyes still closed, his mind probably freely roaming in his dreaming state when he spoke those words.

But to the angel, whose mind was still fully awake.

These two words meant the world to him.

And then something hit his heart. Something warm. Something painful.

Before Kageyama knew it, he was fighting back his tears.

Hinata must have been the happiest person that morning. He had never

seen the shrimp grab his clothes so fast, finish his bath in probably hardly five minutes, and fix himself in front of the mirror in the blink of an eye.

"Don't humans normally take their time preparing for a date?"

Hinata frowned. "What are you even talking about, Kageyama-kun? We've got no time to waste!"

"There's really no need to rush, I mean it's just eight a.m.â€" "

"No!" Hinata exclaimed in a voice full of resolve. He then turned to Kageyama.

"This day, we'll spend every hour of it together! Every second!"

The angel could not help but smile. He then stood up from the edge of the bed, settling down the book he had been reading for days. He then slowly walked towards the shrimp, placing his hands carefully around Hinata's waist.

His celestial eyes fluttered close as he buried his nose at the crook of Hinata's neck. He sighed.

"You really smell like the sun."

Just as he let the angel indulge in his scent, the orange head did the same with Kageyama's warmth.

"Y-You have to put your shirt back on."

"Oh. Right." Come to think of it, he was still half naked.

"Are you alright?"

"Eh?"

"I mean, I didn't hurt you last nightâ€" "

"Hurt? What do yâ€" " Hinata's words trailed off as soon as it hit him. His face turned red as soon as he realized what Kageyama was talking about.

"I-I'm fineâ€|" he said in a small voice. The angel held him closer. Hinata could literally hear the beating of his heart. It sounded like a drum against his ears.

"Kageyama-kunâ€|" "

"Whatâ€|" "

"Is something bothering you?"

He felt the embrace loosen up as Kageyama took a step backwards.

To smile at him.

"Nothing. Now go downstairs and eat. We'll have a lot of things to do."

The orange head gave the angel a long and gazing look.

Tiptoeing, Hinata reached for Kageyama's face and gave him a swift kiss. The angel seemed to have been frozen. Hinata grinned.

"Got you on that!"

And with that, the orange head dashed out of the room, climbing down the stairs as fast as he could.

The angel broke out a subtle smile.

He then turned his back as soon as he heard Hinata settle on his chair, happily asking his mother about breakfast.

His eyes fell to the book.

Gently, he picked it up and flipped through the pages.

And so the human placed her hands on both side of the creature's face.

"_Must you leave right at this time?"_

The creature, with his golden eyes, gave a wistful smile. He tried. At that moment, it felt like his heart was being engulfed by a thousand strings, clutching them into a pain that he had never ever felt before in his immortal life. His brothers were right. He never should have come down to this place. For the mortal world is a place full of bonds, and these bonds, as much as they tie them to a certain mortal, bring loneliness on whoever falls victim to such emotion. An emotion that went by the name of love.

He was sad. Just sad. At that moment, there could not have been any plausible emotion.

But he knows. That the best gift that he could give was a smile to the mortal that planted that seed in his heart.

"_I must go now."_

The human bit her lips. The creature that like him, she was fighting.

To place a smile in her lips.

"_I see. We'll see each other again, right?"_

_She waited for an answer. _

But it did not come.

All the creature did was to hold her hands.

"_Thank you. For everything."_

They say that mortals always loved the three words that spark the bind between two souls. But the creature chose not to say so.

As soon as he disappears, the human would forget about his existence. With this, he wanted her to fall in love. Again. With another man. A being that could make her happy for the rest of her life. A being that could stay by her side forever.

She called his name. It felt like music to his ears.

And then she opened her lips. He knew that she was going to say those three words.

"_Don't," he said softly, placing his hand over those frail ones. "Don't say it."_

The human's eyes gave an imploring look.

"_Close your eyes. And turn your back."_

_The questioning look stayed in her eyes. Nevertheless, she chose to trust the man that she loved. _

"_Promise that you'll never open them until I say so."_

The creature place his arms around the human.

And whispered those three words.

As soon as he said it, the human opened her eyes.

She never got the chance to reply to those three words.

At that moment, the creature had ceased its existence from her memories.

"Kageyama-kun!" Hinata exclaimed as soon as he entered the room. "What are you waiting for, let's go!"

The angel closed the book he was reading.

"Yes," the angel said with a smile. He then settled the book.

"You really love reading that book, don't you?" Hinata said. His hand was about to reach for the book when Kageyama caught his hand. He then enclosed his fingers around the smaller palm.

"Let's go," Kageyama spoke with a smile.

He sure had been smiling a lot lately, the shrimp thought.

* * *

><p>A.N.: _Two more chapters (yeah, I added one): one epilogue and then the final one. Please look forward to it! :)_

15. Chapter 9-A: Epilogue Heart

Chapter 9.5. Epilogue. Heart

Time does not stop. It does not wait for no one. If so, it is a much

more ruthless entity than humans.

Even God himself could not control time. It just moves and moves.

Everybody. Everything. They may cease to exist. But time will remain.

At that moment, Kageyama wished that he could just stop it. Wasn't he able to give Hinata a second chance? Doesn't he deserve the same thing? He would, and would gladly do soâ€"give up everything for every second to be with him for eternity.

But this was impossible.

The only choice that he had was to savor every second. As the two of them walked with their hands entwined, not giving a care at the stares of other people, Kageyama relished the warmth of that hand. In fact, it was more precise to say that he was afraid of letting it go.

Hinata kept on smiling. All the way. The first destination was a theme park.

"This is too clichÃ©!" said Kageyama, eyeing the crowd with a disinterested look.

"Ehâ€"but it's fun! We could try the roller coaster and ferris wheel!"

"If you're trying to make me scream then please give up. I've lived all my life flying and soaring to places."

Hinata pouted. "Meanie."

Nevertheless, he obliged. This was the day that he would not refuse anything the shrimp asked for.

And so there they went. Hinata screamed at the top of his lungs as the coaster made a huge 360 degree turn. This was another mystery to Kageyamaâ€"humans who choose to do something they're afraid of. Perhaps this was what they call "thrill".

Next came the horror house. What happened was basicallyâ€"the mock ghosts cowering in fear themselves as soon as they saw Kageyama's deathly stare.

"Kageyama, you should've worked here if you were a human. This horror house will reek money."

"And what do you mean by that?"

"Just kidding!" Hinata said, grinning at him.

Soon, they entered a coffee shop.

"Ughâ€"this cake is too sweet."

"Really? But I've always wanted to try itâ€"!" Hinata said, spooning a mouthful of icing. "Itadakimasu!"

Kageyama could only sigh.

"By the way Kageyamaâ€|"

"Hm?"

"That book you've been readingâ€|what is it about?"

"Eh?"

"That book. The one you've been always reading."

"Oh."

Hinata raised his brows. Kageyama seemed to have avoided his gaze. He was just staring outside the window.

"Just some fictional story."

"About what?"

"A human and an immortal creature."

The amber eyes gleamed. "Ohhhh! Just like us! So, what happened? Did the human fall in love with the creature?"

There was a short pause. Finally, Kageyama nodded.

"Woah, it's just like me. And? Did they live happily ever after?"

This time, all Kageyama did was gaze into the amber eyes. His fingers clenched the fork he was holding.

"They didn't, do they?" Hinata said, giving a slight smile.

Kageyama looked somewhat surprised.

"He's immortal after all. And then the other one is a human. So definitely, they can't be together forever."

"Hinataâ€|"

"Did he have to leave the human?"

"â€|Yes."

Hinata settled his fork down.

"Kageyama, I'm not that weak."

"Ehâ€|"

"You don't want to tell me about that story right? Because you were worried that it'd get me depressedâ€|or something."

"Hinataâ€|"

"I've accepted it. That the day after tomorrow, you're going to leave. And to think that it'd be on my birthday!" Hinata chuckled as he gazed at the window. "Ah—life sure is cruel. It gives me something but then it takes it away. It's like someone tossed me a ball and then it will just bounce back."

Kageyama clenched his fists.

"But even if you're gone, it's not like you died, right? You'll just be there, in another place, and I know you'll be watching over me." Hinata placed his hand over Kageyama's clenched fist. "And you'll stay. Here."

Hinata placed his other hand over the left of his chest.

At that moment, Kageyama just wanted to hug him. Hold him so bad that he was never going to let go no matter what.

"And here."

The hand moved to his head.

"In my memories."

The stinging pain hit like a jolt. Like ropes that clenched his heart.

"Hinata!"

The sudden raise in his voice made Hinata jump.

"W-What is it?"

"Let's go back."

"E-Eh? Where?"

"To your home."

"But—we haven't even went around every nook of this place. And we were supposed to play some—"

"No. Let's just talk."

He had never seen Kageyama gaze at him the way he was doing it right now. Somehow, the celestial eyes have turned glossy.

It was as if.

He was fighting something.

Something.

Painful.

"Let's just talk. I want to know more about you. The things that tick you off. And oh! I'd tell you what I've went through as an angel! I bet you'd laugh at those stories were certain humans got freaked out when they found out what I really am. Then you could probably tell me about your plans, your dreams! Ah, and then stuff

likeâ€" "

"Kageyama."

Kageyama stopped talking. Hinata had now entwined his fingers gently around his.

"Okay. We'll go back."

"R-Really?"

Hinata nodded with a smile.

"We're gonna learn about each other more right? I haven't told you a couple of things. For example, I once stepped on a poop when I was in gradeschoolâ€" "

Kageyama snorted. "That's really grossâ€|"

"Oh it doesn't end there. I even accidentally ate a piece of an earthworm when I bit an orange."

"W-What?! Goodness Hinata, just how gross was your childhood?!"

* * *

><p>Soon, the two were walking home, their hands clasping each other's as they continued the chat from earlier. The exchange of words continued until they reached the door of Hinata's room.<p>

It was when Kageyama kissed him without warning.

Hinata was caught off guard, but nevertheless, he closed his eyes and responded with a kiss of equal intensity. Soon enough, he was being carried off to the bed, with the angel expertly holding him with one arm as if he was that light, the other hand locking the room. His tongue made a wet trail from his lips to his neck, with Hinata arching his head back so as to give him more access.

"Iâ€"I thought we were going to talk."

"Mmâ€|but I figured out I wanted some action as wellâ€|" Kageyama spoke as he settled the smaller boy on the bed, his lips not leaving Hinata's skin for a second.

"B-but...ahâ€|" Hinata's words were cut by the sudden heat that spread across his chest as soon as huge hands wandered on the expanse of his chest. It was made worse by the teasing manner that Kageyama's fingers brushed against his nipples. He felt surprised that he felt like he wanted a stronger contact.

In which Kageyama answered by mercilessly sucking the pink nub. Not contented, his other hand busied itself on the other one, alternately pinching it and flicking upon it.

"W-What's with yâ€"unf" Words were just transformed into whimpers of pleasure as Kageyama silence him with a passionate kiss, his tongue exploring the depths of his mouth. Hinata was sure that at fourteen, this was an experience to behold. All he could do was succumb into the pleasure and let Kageyama invade the chambers of his mouth.

When their lips broke off, Kageyama gave a grin. A teasing grin.

"You sure learn quickâ€|"

Hinata was still trying to catch his breath, making him unable to form a coherent reply.

"Soâ€|where do we begin?" His breath hushed like a feather against his exposed chest. It made that part of his body ache and to his horror, twitch.

"Throw me that questionâ€|" He whispered, this time, with him giving a series of light kisses all over the upper half of Hinata's body. Before Hinata could even answer, the angel had tugged the former's shirt up, letting it glide past his head and throwing it to the side.

He was now half-exposed to Kageyama. The angel took this chance to continue the teasing ministrations, making the kisses lighter and lighter every moment. Hinata felt himself getting impatient.

Nevertheless, his mind tried to come up with some words.

"W-What do youâ€|nghâ€|likeâ€|ahâ€|about meâ€|" Hinata managed to say as he watched the angel take off his own shirt and toss it aside.

"Let's seeâ€|" He said with a smile as he climbed back on top of Hinata. "Wellâ€|first we'll start with your eyesâ€|" The angel brushed a finger just beside the edge of the lad's eyes, making him blink. "They remind me of the sunâ€|"

"T-The sun?"

"Yes. They just gleam. Like balls of energy. Just like the hyper human that you areâ€|" He said with a chuckle.

Hinata puffed his cheeks. "Again with the sunâ€|"

"But it's trueâ€|you are like the sunâ€|and your name speaks for itselfâ€|"

"And what about you?" Hinata snapped. "Your eyesâ€|they're scary!"

"O-Oi! Is that how youâ€|"

"Butâ€|"

The small lad's voice had turned gentle as his fingers traced the outline of Kageyama's eyes. "I like them. A lot," he spoke with a grin as Kageyama closed his eyes, feeling the warmth of Hinata's fingers.

He then entwined his fingers around Hinata's smaller ones.

"It's not over yetâ€|" He said, brushing his lips against Hinata's

left ear. He then flicked his tongue over the lobes, licking in and out as he savoured the moans that escaped the orange head's mouth. "Your earsâ€¦they're cute."

"E-ehâ€¦unfâ€¦" Hinata's hands clung to Kageyama's shoulders blades as he continued to ravish the said ear. Soon, he was moving to the other one, leaving a trail of wet kisses as his lips and mouth made it way to the other ear.

"Ahâ€¦they've turned so redâ€¦" The angel chuckled as he continued to tease the ear, which, true enough, had turned into a reddish tinge.

"Kageyâ€¦mph!"

The angel's name was soon drowned into oblivion as Kageyama pulled Hinata's lips against his own. It was no longer a gentle one, far from the innocent kisses that he gave to ease the lad's heart. He was practically crashing his lips against Hinata's delicate ones. Not getting enough, Kageyama grabbed Hinata's shoulders, pushing his back against the wall so that his head was now forced against the said surface. He felt Hinata's nails dig into the skin of his back, sending an intoxicating mixture of pain and pleasure.

Just was when Hinata thought that Kageyama had no plans of letting the kiss break, the other boy pulled out, leaving their lips swollen and patterned with wet entrails of their own mouths.

"It goes to say that I love your lips as wellâ€¦" The angel spoke breathlessly.

"That was the point of the kiss?!"

Kageyama nodded. He then gently pulled the smaller frame towards him, making him straddle his legs around his waist.

"And then we have to talk about your voiceâ€¦"

"M-My voice?"

"Your voice. It's just full of warmth. You speak honest words. And when you laugh or smile, you really mean itâ€¦" He spoke, gazing at the blushing lad.

"You say that, and yet if you only knew how beautiful your voice is. I hate that it always makes me fall asleep though. I've never even heard the rest of it!"

"Your fault for being a sleepyhead."

"Then, sing it. Now."

Kageyama smirked. "No. Not today."

"Butâ€¦"

"Tomorrow I will."

"But that's the day that that you'llâ€¦"

Kageyama silenced him with a gentle peck on the lips.

"It's not the day that I'll leave. It's the day that you were born," he whispered against his lips.

Hinata bit his lips. Without warning, he threw himself against Kageyama, almost knocking the angel flat on the bed.

"Woahâ€|Hinata! Oi, what's the matterâ€|"

The lad did not reply. Instead, he just wrapped his arms more tightly around the angel's neck.

"When you come back, I'll be a star volleyball player thenâ€|"

"Hinataâ€|"

"I'll be the best ace the world will ever see. I may not have the height, but I'll show them that I can do it. Teams will be scouting for me. People will talk about my name. Words will spread about the 'Little Giant'. Plus, even though I can't be like you, butâ€|"

Hinata loosened his hold to stare at the celestial eyes that captured him the very moment he set his eyes on him.

"I'll show you that I can fly! And thenâ€|and then when you returnâ€|"

The orange head settled his forehead against the angel's own.

"You'll toss to me. And we'll be the best duo ever in the world of volleyball. Even if it takes five years, ten years, twenty years, a hundred yearsâ€|"

"I'll wait forever."

Time does not stop. It does not wait for no one. If so, it is a much more ruthless entity than humans.

But at that moment, Kageyama was sure. It did stop.

And at that time, it wasn't the ruthless ticking of time that defined their fate.

Badump. Badump. Badump. Quicker and quicker it goes. Louder and louder it goes.

It was the beating of their hearts.

Two words.

Those two words were the only ones that mattered.

As soon as it escaped from Kageyama's lips, the orange head threw his arms around the angel once again, tears welling from his eyes. The angel smiled as he wrapped his arms around the small waist, feeling Hinata's heart beat against his own.

**I promise.**

* * *

><p>A.N.: One last chapter. Please look forward to it. Q_Q

16. Chapter 10: Eternity

Chapter 10: Eternity.

And then, I probably chose the past

So that I can become, so I may become a kind person rather than a strong person

So that I understand what "memories" areâ€|

* * *

><p>"The past or the present? Which do you want?"<p>

That was the very first question that he asked me. To me, it was nothing but a casual question. From a stranger, he became the very first friend that I made since I came into this hospital.

And so I answered it, without having any second thoughts.

I chose the past.

But then, with you, right beside me, now that you have captured my heartâ€|I thoughtâ€"

Should I have chosen otherwise?

Tell me.

Should I have chosen the future?

And then I realized, it didn't really matter.

Yesterday. The present. And tomorrow.

What I wanted was an eternity.

With you.

We laid there for hours. Sometimes, he'd use his long fingers to brush the strands of my hair. He would whisper me some words that made me blush over and over again. I tried to do the same. When I told him the things that I loved about him, he turned away, his ears a cute shade of red. He then told me to go outside because by now, my parents would have been looking for me. I jumped right at the thought. In an instant, I was getting dressed. Like the dork that I was, I rushed outside the room. I had to come out with the best explanation on how I was able to come out of my room without entering the front door of our house. Oh well, in the end, they seemed to have believed me that they were probably just asleep or busy doing

something when I went it. I scratched my head, just laughing to cover my anxiety. Nevertheless, I managed to excuse myself. I ran upstairs as fast as I could, not minding the suspicious stares that followed me.

As I raced my way upstairs, I realized that I wasn't just racing physically.

I was racing with time.

As if, I was trying to get the better of it.

Not yet. Don't move yet.

Just a little longer.

A little more.

Let me stay with him.

I opened the door to find him already dressed. He was on his usual spot, but this time, he was gazing at the window.

He turned his head as soon as he felt my presence.

"Hinata!"

The way he spoke my name sent me a strange feeling. It made my heart race all the same, but there was this pained look in his eyes. I grinned, trying to shake off the sweltering emotion in my chest.

To my surprise, the black-haired angel grabbed me by the waist. Soon, I was in his arms once again.

"Kageyama-kun!" I said, half-surprised. "What's with you?" Nevertheless, I was really pleased. When he surprises me like this, I feel all those weird fluttering sensations in my stomach. I buried my face on his chest, inhaling his scent.

"Oh! enjoying it aren't we?" he said, placing a kiss on my forehead.

"Shut up," I pretended to hiss. I closed my eyes, finally wrapping my arms around his neck.

"Aw! that hurt," he said, making a pout to go along with the drama. He then patted my head, ruffling it with his fingers.

"Let's go to buy some pork buns."

"Eh?" I glanced at the clock. It was already six.

"You don't want to?"

"No but..."

He smiled. The pained look in his eyes—it was gentle at the same time.

"Okay. We'll stay here."

"No! Let's go!" I exclaimed.

He opened his mouth as if he was about to ask what brought the sudden change in my mind, but he closed it. He then fixed his eyes on mine.

Perhaps he felt it too.

That like him, there was pain in my eyes.

Just like that, he opened the window.

"Care to have a flight?" He grinned as he held out a hand to me.

"People might see us!"

He laughed. "I'm an angel. I can do almost anything that God can."

"Y-You meanâ€|that time when you flew me back here, you made the two of us invisible?"

"Yep."

My eyes glowed. "Amazing!" I said, ogling at him like the child that I was.

He chuckled. "You said you wanted to fly right? Well now here's your second chance."

I grinned and trembled at the excitement of feeling the rush of the wind against my skin. What was more, I could finally see the view from above.

I took the angel's hand.

"Don't you dare let go of my hand," I said rather teasingly.

"I won'tâ€|" He said, kissing my lips before two pairs of wings sprang from his back. I would never be able to get over it. It was the most breath taking sight I've seen. Black feathers flew all over the room as he made one huge flap of his wings, sending a strong gush of wind across the room.

"You might want to close your mouth," he said.

"Y-Yeah."

"Well, here we go, Hinata Shouyou!"

Before I knew it, he had grabbed me again. Barely having time to wrap my arms around his neck, we set flight into the dimming sky.

* * *

><p>When he first carried me for a flight, I wasn't really paying attention to the view. That was because I was dead worried for the leg that was shot. I kept on wishing, "Please let us be there

soonâ€¦please let us be there soon."<p>

Only now was I able to appreciate the view from above. The kaleidoscope of colors, the way the blues, blacks, and oranges battled it out in the twilight sky, there was no comparing. I was no artist, but I knew no painting could compare to it. What was more, the sensation of the wind brushing against my face was priceless. I kept on screaming (much to his annoyance and yet he would smile at me in the end) and howling.

"Is heaven like this?"

"Hmâ€¦not really. It's pretty much trees, water, it's like Earth minus the stress made by men."

"When I die, do I get to be like you?"

"Huh?"

"An angel."

"Hmâ€¦" His eyes darted to something far away, clearly contemplating over my question.

"I don't really know."

"Ehhhâ€¦how could you not know?"

"Come on, you're too short to be an angelâ€¦"ack!"

I gave him a good smack on the head.

"Meanieâ€¦" I said, looking away to show my annoyance. He chuckled.

"I was kidding. Of course, well, maybe you can."

My heart leapt as soon as I heard those words.

"Thenâ€¦I'll be aiming for that! I won't only become the best volleyball player! I'll also be an angel like you! And then we can grant the wishes of those in need, right?"

He merely smiled.

"Oh. We're almost there."

As soon as we got our pork buns, he gently took hold of my hand and entwined his fingers around mine once again. It had been pretty much a tradition. Some sort ofâ€¦unspoken language. I just smiled and let him do so.

"We're not flying anymore?"

"Please. You're pretty heavy for your frame."

"But you lift me up easily when we haveâ€¦" I went red, realizing that I shouldn't have opened the topic in the first place. The meanie seemed to have caught my embarrassment. He flashed a smirk.

"Well you're right. That's because it feel so good when I hit you against the wâ€"

"Stop it!" I yelled, drowning his sentence before he could even end it.

He just laughed.

And then he was staring at something faraway again.

The pained look in his eyes had not left.

* * *

><p>It was already eight when we reached home. My parents pretty much got mad at me for going home late at night lately. I had to bow my head over and over again, but nevertheless, they let me climb upstairs to go to my room and rest.<p>

The two of us sat on the edge of the bed.

"It's almost your birthday," he said, staring at the calendar.

"Hmp."

"What? Aren't you happy?"

"How could I?" I said.

He sighed. "We're not going over this again."

"Hmp."

"Hi-na-ta."

"But it's true! I'm gonna have my birthday without you."

"I leave at five. That was the day that you got hit by that vehicle remember? So we still haveâ€"

"I want to spend every day with you!" I said. The voice that came out wasn't calm anymore. It was quivering. I clenched the blankets, not having the courage to look him in the eyes. They were pained more than I could take, and if I did meet them, I have no idea what would happen. It was the first time I have felt so lost.

"Hinataâ€|look at me."

"No!"

"Hinataâ€|" This time, he had settled his hand on mine. He gave it a squeeze. He then place his other arm over my shoulder, making my head lean against his shoulder. I bit my lips.

"Pleaseâ€|"

That did it.

I met his eyes.

But this time, I was crying.

"Please. Don't cryâ€|" He whispered, kissing my eyes and brushing my cheeks with his thumb.

"How could I not?" I said, my voice cracking. "I thought I finally accepted it. I thought it would be easier. And I feel stupid. I should have wished for something else. I shouldn't have chosen either. The past, the present, the futureâ€"it won't really matterâ€"none of them mattersâ€"

"If you're not here by my side, nothing else would really matter!" I said, the salty liquid finally gushing from my eyes.

Cupping my face with his hands, he placed his forehead over mine, our noses touching as I hiccupped through my tears.

"Hinata, do you know? I did wish to become a humanâ€|"

"As much as I despised their greed, their selfishnessâ€"I realizedâ€"I wanted those imperfections. I wanted to get hurt, I wanted to know how it is to love, how it feels to love, how it feels to yearn for something so that I have to work hard like my life rested on itâ€"I wanted to know how it feels to make the best out of my life just because my days are numberedâ€"

"And do you know how I feel like right now? I wish that I could just beat this thing called 'time'. I wished that I should have been born as a human, not as an angel. When you asked me if you could be an angel, the answer is 'no'. But that goes the same with us. We can't be humans. Even if we fall in love with them, we can't be with them. But damn, screw this, how I wanted to break the rules and just rip off these wings. I would, and I would if I couldâ€"I would never leave your side, Hinata. I will sing to you as much as you want to before you sleep. I would stand with you on the same courtâ€"I would toss the ball to you no matter how many times you wish for itâ€" He breathed these words against my lips, gently kissing them from time to time just as when I felt that he was close to crying.

"And then I can say those words to you. For every moment, I'd say 'I love you'. I can greet you 'Happy Birthday' each year, and man, how I dreamt of saying 'Will you marry me?' when I finally gain the courage to ask for your handâ€" he said, chuckling. "Then after that, I can greet you 'Happy Anniversary'â€"and then maybe we could adapt some kids, we'll teach them how to play volleyball tooâ€"we'll have a team of cute volleyball players that bear the same cute face and orange head as yours!"

My tears were still flowing like a stream, and I knew that I looked no less than a mess, but still, hearing those words did not fail to make me smile and laugh for a bit.

"Please, taking care of them would be really difficult."

"I won't mind being a hands-on dad."

I chuckled. "Do you mean to say I'm the wife?"

"Yes."

"That's unfair. You're always unfair. Saying all of those things before tomorrow. It's been six days and you're just telling me these stuff right now. You're always unfair!"

"I know, and I'm sorry!" He whispered, kissing my lips once again. This time, I responded, kissing back gently, just enough to feel the softness of his lips.

"Can't you just ask God to do it?"

He chuckled. "I wish I could, but that's the rule. It's a contract."

I laughed amidst the tears. "Here I was, wishing that I could make fun of you when you finally get a cane to walk."

"Oh just try. I'll do the same when I see you cursing because of your back pain."

The two of us laughed.

"Kageyama," I whispered as I caressed his flawless face.

"What is it?" he said in a much breathier voice than mine.

"Can I make a wish?"

He smiled. "Is that an order?"

"Yes. And you have to obey it no matter what. Because it's my birthday."

"Not until the clock strikes twelve."

"I don't care. Time is nothing. It's only you that matters."

He broke into another smile.

"Then, what's your order, your Highness?"

I wrapped my arms around his neck, my chest heaving up and down as I ached for his heat and touch.

"Take me!" I said, gulping. "Take me as you never did before. This might sound cheesy but..."

My amber eyes met his celestial ones.

"I want you to carve yourself unto me. So that I could never forget. So that I would never forget that once, there was a grumpy angel by the name of Kageyama Tobio who stole my everything."

I felt two strong arms trap my waist in an embrace.

"Very well. The order is made."

And just like that, he took my lips in a storm, with me summoning all my strength in a kiss as I surrendered myself into the very last

night that I could be with the one that I loved.

* * *

><p>"Ughâ€|my butt hurtsâ€|" I groaned as I massaged my back.<p>

"You asked for it. Don't blame me. And didn't you say it felt so good?" He said, grinning, as he pulled me closer to him.

"Hmpâ€|"

"What time is itâ€|" I said in a rather tired voice.

"Three minutes before twelve."

"Hmâ€|"

Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock. .

The clock went.

He must have been watching the hands of the clock move. As soon as another click went, he kissed me on the lips. It was a chaste one, but I knew what it meant.

"Happy birthdayâ€|" he said.

I smiled as I wrapped my arms around the best present I have received ever in my life.

* * *

><p>It was the heat that woke me up. Scratching my eyes, I lazily opened my eyes. I reached out my hand to get a feel of the warm skin that my body had grown accustomed it, ready to hear him say "Good morning."<p>

All I felt was the fabric. By this time, my senses were fully awake. I sat up at the speed of lightning. I realized that I was no longer naked. I was wearing a pair of shirt and pants. What was more,

As if nothing ever happened.

I looked around the room as panic began to strike me.

"Kageyama?"

There was no answer.

"Kageyama?" I called out louder.

Still, there was no answer.

And then I realized. It was happening.

The nightmare I had.

It had turned real.

"Kageyama! Kageyama! Please, answer me! This is no time to be playing pranks!" I said, frantically searching for a sign of him.

"Hinata! What are you even screaming about?" It was my mother. She seemed to have run up here as soon as she heard me yelling.

"Okaasan, I can't find Kageyama!" I said. I knew that I looked no less than a fool as I searched under the bed, the closer. "I can't find himâ€|." My hands trembled as I opened the window, hoping to catch the sight of that familiar back.

"Hinata, what's wrong with you? And here we are thinking you have been dead sick! Please, you've been asleep for almost five hours?"

"Five hoursâ€|"

"Yes! We checked on you 'cause you weren't answering our call at all! We thought you were just sleeping. But then noon struck and you haven't still woken up! We almost thought you were dead had it not been for your pulseâ€""

I could hardly hear what my mother was saying. No. I had no idea what she was saying.

Or rather, my mind was refusing to understand what was going on.

There was only one question that struck my mind.

"Okaasanâ€|what time is it?"

"Time? It's fifteen minutes before fiveâ€|why on earth are youâ€"oi Hinata! Where are you going?! Hinata!"

I didn't wait to hear the rest of it.

Right. I remember now.

After he greeted me, he asked me if I wanted him to sing that song. I nodded.

And so he began to sing.

I had hardly heard the rest of it when I felt myself being pulled in by the slumber.

* * *

><p>"Whyâ€|" was the only word that escaped my lips as I cried, running towards the place where I first met him.<p>

I know. It was kind of funny. But I just knew that I had to go there. None other else. I was sure that I almost bumped and knocked over a couple of nurses, but I paid no heed. Summoning all the strength in my legs, I ran as I never did before.

Once again, I was racing time. And maybe for the last.

"Kageyama! Kageyama!" I called as I struggled against the tears. I was well aware that people—"patients and doctors alike, were staring at me as if I had gone insane. I couldn't have cared less. No. There was nothing else that mattered.

The doors and white walls sped past my vision like a blur.

Amidst all of these, there was only one door that flashed before my eyes.

I slid it open as soon as I spotted the familiar number.

How many days has passed?

Ah. Indeed. Six days.

And this was the seventh one.

The ceiling. The cold white walls. The flower on the vase. The bed. The windows. The curtains.

Everything remained the same, exactly as if they had been when I was still some lump of body residing this cold room. As if they have never been touched.

It was completely empty, save for that lad standing just beside the window. He was just gazing at the window, his eyes carrying a distant look.

I walked slowly towards him.

"What is your wish?"

Those were the first words that he said to me.

I bit my lips. I wanted to punch him. Yell at him. Get mad at him. I really, really do. But for some reason, my strength failed me.

"The past or the future? Which is it?" He said. He was still looking at the window, refusing to meet my eyes.

_Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock. _The clock went. Ah yes. This room had one. I remember hearing its agonizing sound when I was lying over that bed. It plain torture to me. To me, time moved agonizing slow in this room, as if I was in a different space.

But this time, it felt strangely fast. As if it was in a hurry.

There was a moment of silence as I gazed at him.

And then—"

"The future," I said.

The head of the lad turned towards me.

Unlike that time that I first saw his face, he was smilingâ€”far from the grumpy and scary expression he had always been carrying.

"Very well. That wish of yours I shall grant it."

I smiled as I watched him walk towards me.

To my slight surprise, he wrapped his arms around my waist, pulling me close to him.

"Anything else?"

"E-Eh?"

"It's your birthday. You get a special bonus," he said, grinning.

I chuckled. "Well then, that special birthday bonus, I'm taking it."

He rested his forehead over mine, just like he always does.

"Then, what is your second wish, Hinata Shouyo?"

I wrapped my arms around his neck, just like I always do.

"Sing. That song. For me."

It was his turn to chuckle. "I knew you would say that."

He kissed my lips for the very last time.

"The order is made."

And so he began to sing.

I closed my eyes, savouring every melody, every note, every word, every verse.

Until he came to that part. Come to think of it, I have never heard that part before. Maybe because I always fell asleep when he got to it. I felt the clasp around my waste tighten.

"_**By the way, there's just one more thing **_"

**Should I add "tears" as an option? **"

**Even without it, there is no impediment, but some people don't add it, because it's a pain. **"

**What will you do?"**"

Just as he sang that word, I felt tears stream from my eyes. And as I did so, he brushed them gently with his fingers, kissing my eyes again and again for every drop that fell.

"_**And then, I asked a for it **_"

**So that I can become, so I may become a kind person rather than a strong person **"

**So that I understand what "importance" is**

He kissed my lips once again, to which I responded with a gentle movement.

**"So, by the way, as for the flavor of the tears choose a flavor you like **

**They're sour, salty, hot, sweet, choose any one you like **

**Which one do you want?"**

I could not help but chuckle at that part. I thought that choosing the 'sweet' one would feel nice. Then they wouldn't go to waste. The angel was able to read my mind, and he chuckled amidst the song. Again, he kissed my eyes.

"_**Has everything been granted the way you hoped? **_

**So show me your face that is always crying **

**Well, show me proudly"**

At this point I have opened my eyes. I stared straight into those celestial eyes that I fell in love with the very first time I met him.

And he did the same. He just gazed at me.

We knew.

It would be the last time.

"I love youâ€|I love youâ€|I love youâ€|" I said those three words over and over again as he sang. My hands shook as I finally gave up on fighting my tears.

I wasn't the only one.

Kageyama Tobio was crying.

Hugging me as tight as he could as he whispered those words I have been waiting for.

He said them over and over again. And much to my surprise, they were sweeter than any song that I've heard.

Even more than the song he was singing.

After a couple of seconds, he let go. With all the love in his eyes, he sang the last verse of the song.

**"Thank you very much **

**Sorry to have troubled you with so muchâ€|"**

I shook my head as I clasped his hands, himself lacing his fingers around mine.

**May I ask just one last thing?**

**Have we met somewhere before?"**

Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock. Tickâ€”

Tock.

The last sensation that I felt was that of a gentle kiss. And the sound of three words.

What met me was the gentle rush of the wind as soon as I opened my eyes.

The ceiling. The cold white walls. The flower on the vase. The bed. The windows. The curtains.

It was strange, but I felt like I've been here before. What was more strange was the wet feeling all over my face. When I touched it, I raised my eyebrows.

It seemed like I have just cried. But what for, I had no idea.

"Weirdâ€”|" I whispered to myself. That was then that I noticed the window. It was open.

As if someone had just made an exit through it. I was about to close it when something caught my eye.

It was a book.

Wait.

"This book was ours!" I exclaimed. True enough, it was that book which I had always ignored in my room. I was never a fan of reading. Still, it was as if my hands were moving on their own. I flipped the pages, and out fell a paper.

"Eh?"

I picked the object, and that was when I saw the note scribbled on it.

"To Hinata Shouyouâ€”|" I read aloud.

**Fly high.**

I smiled despite having no idea who on earth wrote it. It was only a small message, but it gave me the strength to practice more to achieve my dream.

That of becoming an ace volleyball player. I opened the book once again to return the note, when another object fell.

It was a black feather.

****Chapter 10.5: Epilogue.****

* * *

><p>The lad almost toppled on his track. It was another sunny morning, but it was a special one.<p>

To others, it was the start of another beginning. Like him and the thousands of other students across the nation, it would be the unravelling of their first year in high school.

But it was a completely different story to the orange head by the name of Hinata Shouyou. Now fifteen years old, the lad was ready to set himself to enter the world of volleyball.

This time, not as himself.

But as a member of a team.

And the first step was joining the volleyball club of Karasuno High.

The pair of amber eyes finally caught sight of the door. The familiar screeching of the rubber material against the polished wooden floor was just too nostalgic. It made him all the more excited.

Heart thumping out of both nervousness and excitement, he pushed the door open.

Oops. Maybe he was too early after all.

It was just six am in the morning.

But the gym was not empty. For there, in the middle of the court, was a lanky lad. He had jet black hair, and the way his bangs were cut gave him the feeling that the lad was no slump when it came to details.

The orange head watched in awe as the tall lad tossed the ball with perfect precision and accuracy.

Wait.

It's heading towards him!

Crouching, Hinata Shouyou threw his bag and clasped his hands, ready to receive the ball.

And with a huge wham, the ball flew up high in the air.

"Oh. You're the first one to have hit my toss like that."

Hinata grinned at the stranger.

"What's your name, shrimp?"

S-Shrimp?!

"I-It's Hinata Shouyou, not shrimp!" He cried, feeling a bit annoyed.
"And you?"

Navy blue eyes met his amber ones.

"Kageyama. Kageyama Tobio," he said with a smile

* * *

><p>A.N._ To all of those who have supported this fic, I couldn't have been more grateful. I was pretty worried that it would not get the same support as Invincible since this was one was really long! But what matters most is the fact you guys were there, patient enough to follow this story, favorite it, and even review!_

I would like to thank Hikari-chan for her tireless support and review. I was really thrilled to know that she knew the song that made me write this song. The truth is, I was just lying on my bed when this story hit me. The image of a patient Hinata flashed before my eyes, and everything followed just because this song played right away. I hope that more and more people would listen to the song since I think it's one of the most beautiful song ever.

To kurasuchi, forever comrade-in-arms, thank you also. You always drop me updates of Haikyuu, tirelessly cheering me up to write more stories. Thank you, dear friend.

And of course, to Kageyama Tobio, who was the utmost inspiration of this story, I love you. You're perfect. I wanna order you. But wait. You are Hinata's. Okay.

To all of you guys who supported this story, once again, my endless and heartfelt thanks!

End
file.